JUNGLE ACTION

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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JUNGLE ACTION™ FEATURING:

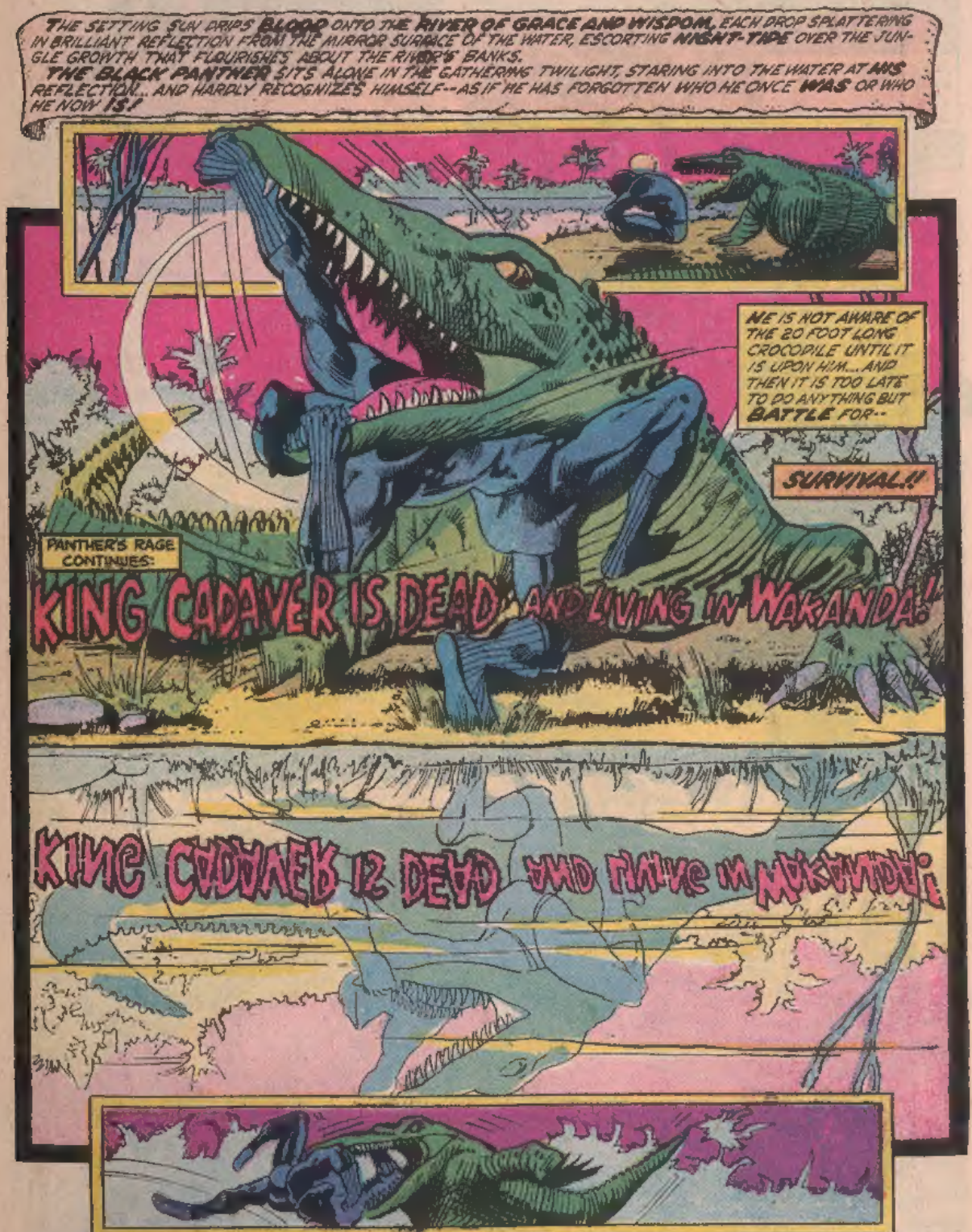
THE BLACK PANTHER™

THE AFRICAN AVENGER STRIKES AGAIN, AS--

KING CADAVER IS DEAD AND LIVING IN WAKANDA!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE BLACK PANTHER!

DON McGREGOR / BILLY GRAHAM and KLAUS JANSON / DAVE HUNT, LETTERER GLYNIS WEIN, COLORIST / ROY THOMAS
WRITER / ARTISTS / EDITOR


THE SETTING SUN DRIPS BLOOD ONTO THE RIVER OF GRACE AND WISDOM, EACH DROP SPLATTERING IN BRILLIANT REFLECTION FROM THE MIRROR SURFACE OF THE WATER, ESCORTING NIGHT-TIDE OVER THE JUNGLE GROWTH THAT FLOURISHES ABOUT THE RIVER'S BANKS.
THE BLACK PANTHER SITS ALONE IN THE GATHERING TWILIGHT, STARING INTO THE WATER AT HIS REFLECTION... AND HARDLY RECOGNIZES HIMSELF--AS IF HE HAS FORGOTTEN WHO HE ONCE WAS OR WHO HE NOW IS!
HE IS NOT AWARE OF THE 20 FOOT LONG CROCODILE UNTIL IT IS UPON HIM...AND THEN IT IS TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING BUT BATTLE FOR--
SURVIVAL!!
PANTHER'S RAGE CONTINUES:
KING CADAVER IS DEAD AND LIVING IN WAKANDA!

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THE CROCODILE'S TEETH ARE THICK WITH SLIME, AND THE PANTHER'S GLOVED FINGERS SEEK DEFENSE WITHIN THE FETID MUSH INTERIOR OF ITS MOUTH!
HE CAN FEEL DEAD LEECHES, DRIED TO DEHYDRATED SHELLS, BENEATH HIS FINGERS--
--LEECHES THAT HAVE INFESTED THE BEHEMOTH'S MOUTH WHICH IS PROBABLY WHY IT WAS LANDWARD TO BEGIN WITH, SPENDING THE AFTERNOON HOURS WITH ITS JAWS AGAPE, THE AFRICAN SUN SUCKING THE JUICES FROM THE PARASITES THAT INFECT ITS GUMS!
A SOUND RISES ABOVE HIS HARSH BREATHING, ONE HE CAN'T QUITE IDENTIFY, BUT HUMAN IN ORIGIN--

--AND JUST BEFORE HE PLUNGES UNDER THE WATER, CLINGING ALGAE COVERING HIM IN A MURKY GELATIN--
--HE KNOWS IT IS TAKU, HIS COMMUNICATIONS COMMANDER.
TAKU, WHO IS USUALLY QUIET AND OBSERVING--
TAKU, WHO LISTENS INSTEAD OF INFLICTING HIS PERSONALITY UPON OTHERS.
T'CHALLA!
TAKU, SOUNDING UNLIKE HE HAS EVER HEARD THE MAN SPEAK!
MY CHIEFTAIN!
TAKU'S EXCLAMATIONS FADE, AND ONLY THE SAVAGE, GUTTURAL SOUNDS OF THE BRUTAL ORDEAL REMAIN--
--THE PANTHER'S ARM LOCKING ABOUT THE LOWER MOUTH, THE LEFT ARM STIFFENED INTO STEEL, ALTHOUGH THE CREATURE'S TEETH RIP THE FLESH INTO RIVULETS OF BLOOD!

THE BEAST'S SCALES ARE CUTTING EDGES THAT WELT HIS FLESH, TEARING HIS UNIFORM INTO BLOODIED TATTERS.!
THE MONSTROUS TAIL LASHES IN DEADLY FRENZY, WHIPPING THE WATER TO FOAM, FRAGMENTING ITS REFLECTIONS--
--AND STRANGELY, IN THAT MOMENT, THEY ARE IMAGES THAT HAVE A STARTLING CLARITY. THE MIRROR-PERFECT FIGURE LACKED.!
PAIN BIRTHS INSANITY WITHIN HIS MIND... AND DESPERATION IS THE MID-WIFE.
HIS BOOTS PURPOSEFULLY GOUGE INTO THE YIELDING, SALIVATING MOUTH, AND ITS TONSIL BULGES BENEATH AND AROUND HIS HEELS!
HOLD ON.! PLEASE, HOLD ON! HIS MIND-VOICE SCREAMS IN RELENTLESS SURVIVAL COMMANDS.
FOR JUST A MO-MENT MORE... ONLY A MOMENT... MORE.!
AND THEN HIS LEGS DRIVE UPWARD INTO THE LOWER MOUTH, HIS ARMS MIRACULOUSLY KEEPING THE UPPER JAW APART.
THE TERRIBLE SNAPPING SOUND IS MAGNIFIED IN HIS EARS.
DEATH-AGONY PLAYS ITS AGELESS LAST MOMENTS--
--AND NOW IT IS NOT THE DYING SUN THAT COLORS THE WATER AN ANEMIC PINK.!
T'CHALLA, MY HAND!
TAKE MY HAND.
TAKU.? IS THAT YOU--?
--OR MERELY ANOTHER... FRAGMENTED VISION?
COME, MY CHIEFTAIN.
REST HERE UPON THE GRASS.

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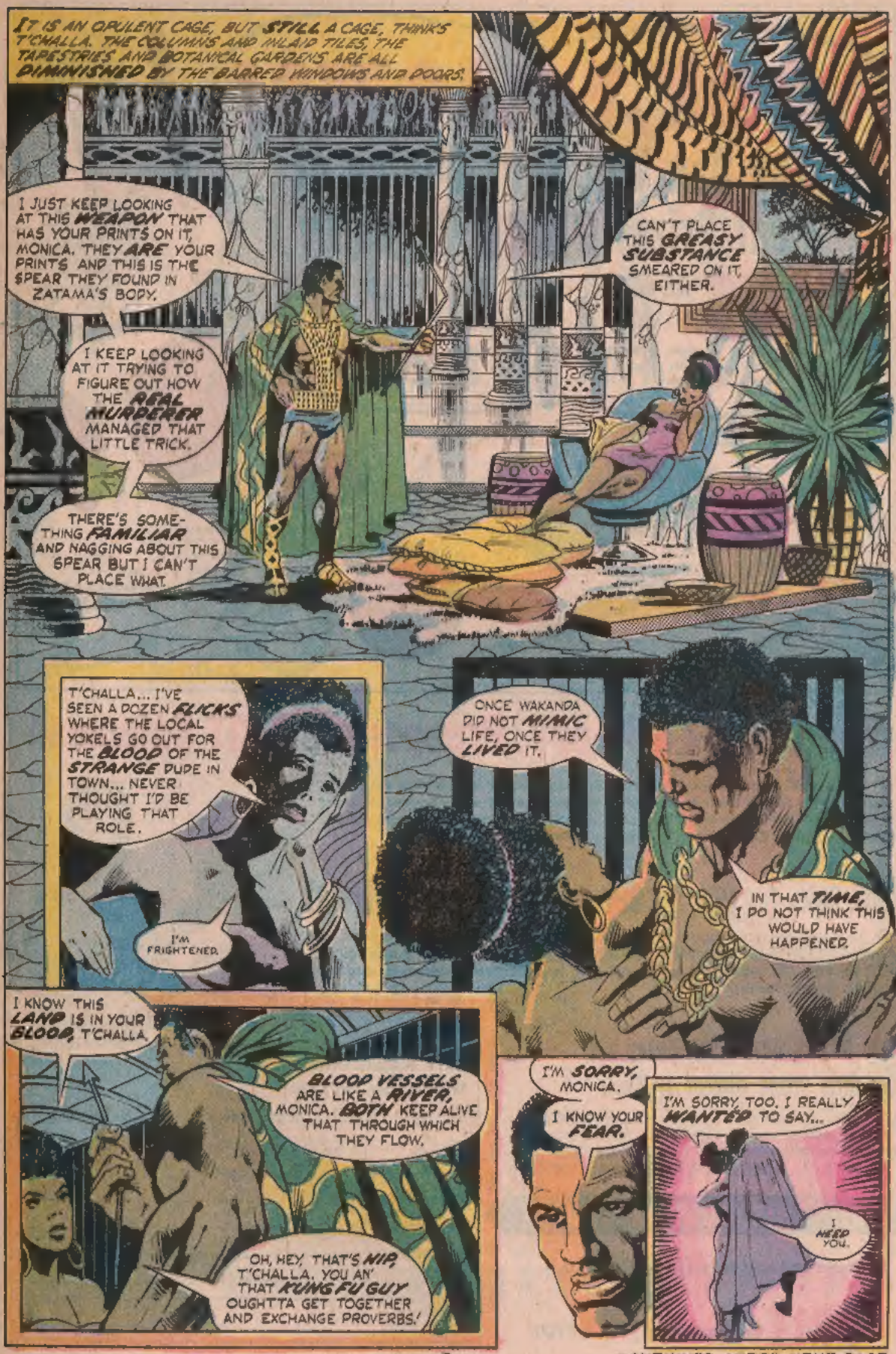
I SAW YOU LEAVE THE PALACE EARLIER. YOU WERE FARTHER DOWN-STREAM THAN I THOUGHT YOU'D BE.
I SUPPOSE W'KABI WOULD TELL YOU THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED UP-RIVER. THE CROCODILES ARE SELDOM SIGHTED NEAR THE AMBER PAGODA.
A MAN GOES TO BROOD WHERE IT'S MOST ISOLATED, TAKU. UNLESS HE HAS SOMEONE TO LISTEN TO HIS SILENCES.
THAT'S WHY I CAME LOOKING FOR YOU, T'CHALLA. IT'S ABOUT MISS LYNNE... YOUR GUEST...
I STOPPED BY THE CELL THE INNER COUNCIL HAS LOCKED HER IN SINCE--
--THEY ACCUSED HER OF MURDERING ZATAMA. SHE ASKED TO SEE YOU.
I COULDN'T RELEASE HER.
NO, YOU'RE RIGHT. W'KABI WOULD THINK I SIDED WITH THE "OUT-WORLDER" ONCE AGAIN.
HOW DID I LOSE HIM, TAKU?
HE WAS ONCE MY RIGHT HAND. HEAD OF COURT SECURITY. WAS IT ONLY MY ABSENCE FROM OUR LAND THAT SEPARATED US, TAKU?
PERHAPS YOU LEFT HIM STANDING ON THE SHORELINE, MY CHIEFTAIN.
THE CURRENT CONTINUES TO TRAVEL. IT IS DIFFICULT TO RETURN TO THE SHORELINE IT HAS PASSED.
IT ANGERS HIM THAT I'VE BROUGHT MONICA TO OUR HIDDEN LAND, BUT GUESTS WERE NEVER UNWELCOME BEFORE.
PART OF IT IS KILLMONGER. SURELY YOU KNOW THAT?
KILLMONGER. THE MAGNIFICENT REBEL ... BUT HE HAS NO CONCERN FOR THE FRAILTY OF THE VICTIMS HE MAIMS!
HE WOULD GOVERN THIS LAND, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'D CALL IT... BUT HE WOULD ONLY BE CONCERNED WITH HIS OWN DESIGNS.
THE QUESTION YOU MUST ASK YOURSELF, MY CHIEFTAIN, IS IF YOU--
--HAVE BEEN ANY DIFFERENT.


IT IS AN OPULENT CAGE, BUT STILL A CAGE, THINKS T'CHALLA. THE COLUMNS AND INLAID TILES, THE TAPESTRIES AND BOTANICAL GARDENS ARE ALL DIMINISHED BY THE BARRED WINDOWS AND DOORS.
I JUST KEEP LOOKING AT THIS WEAPON THAT HAS YOUR PRINTS ON IT, MONICA. THEY ARE YOUR PRINTS AND THIS IS THE SPEAR THEY FOUND IN ZATAMA'S BODY.
I KEEP LOOKING AT IT TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW THE REAL MURDERER MANAGED THAT LITTLE TRICK.
THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR AND NAGGING ABOUT THIS SPEAR BUT I CAN'T PLACE WHAT.
CAN'T PLACE THIS GREASY SUBSTANCE SMEARED ON IT, EITHER.
T'CHALLA... I'VE SEEN A DOZEN FLICKS WHERE THE LOCAL YOKELS GO OUT FOR THE BLOOD OF THE STRANGE DUDE IN TOWN... NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE PLAYING THAT ROLE.
I'M FRIGHTENED.
ONCE WAKANDA DID NOT MIMIC LIFE, ONCE THEY LIVED IT.
IN THAT TIME, I DO NOT THINK THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED.
I KNOW THIS LAND IS IN YOUR BLOOD, T'CHALLA.
BLOOD VESSELS ARE LIKE A RIVER, MONICA. BOTH KEEP ALIVE THAT THROUGH WHICH THEY FLOW.
OH, HEY, THAT'S NIA, T'CHALLA. YOU AN' THAT KUNG FU GUY OUGHTTA GET TOGETHER AND EXCHANGE PROVERBS!
I'M SORRY, MONICA.
I KNOW YOUR FEAR.
I'M SORRY, TOO. I REALLY WANTED TO SAY...
I NEED YOU.

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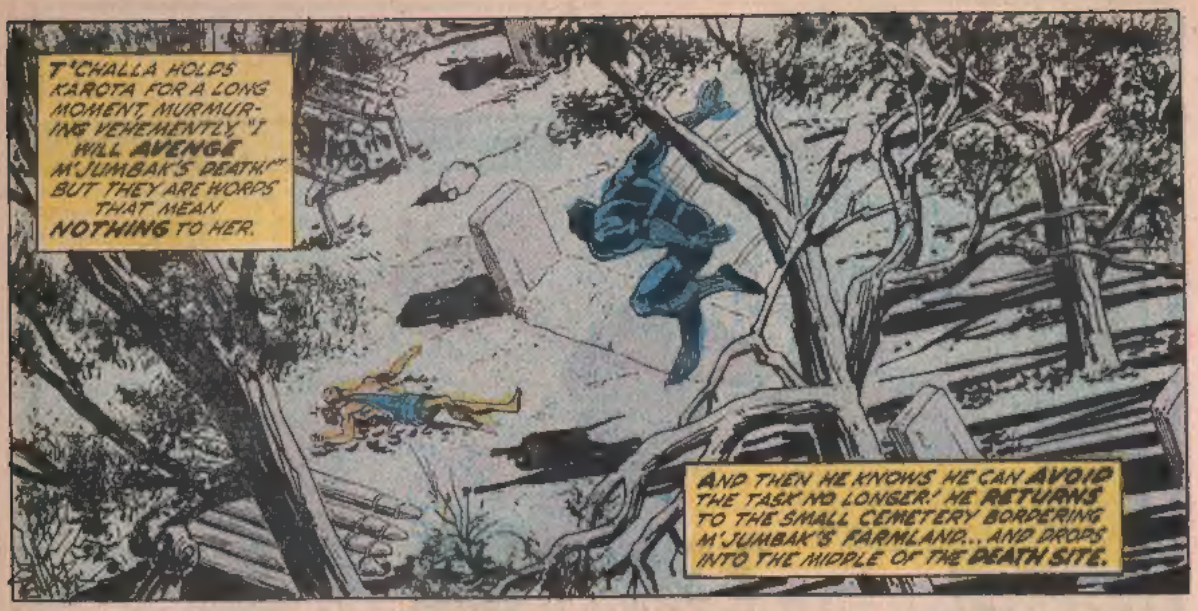
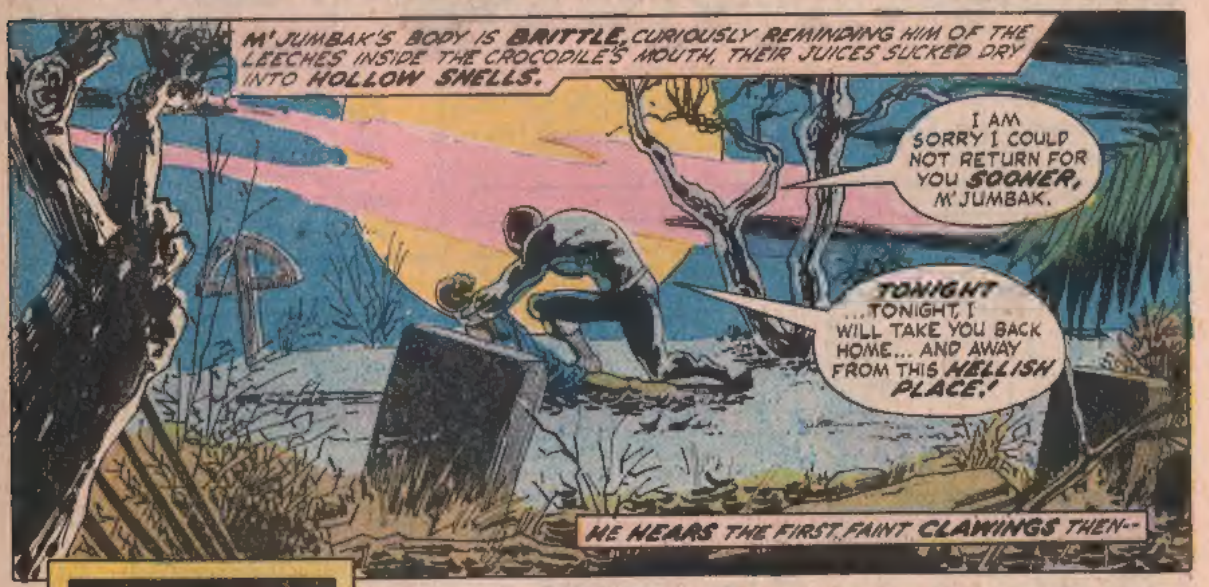
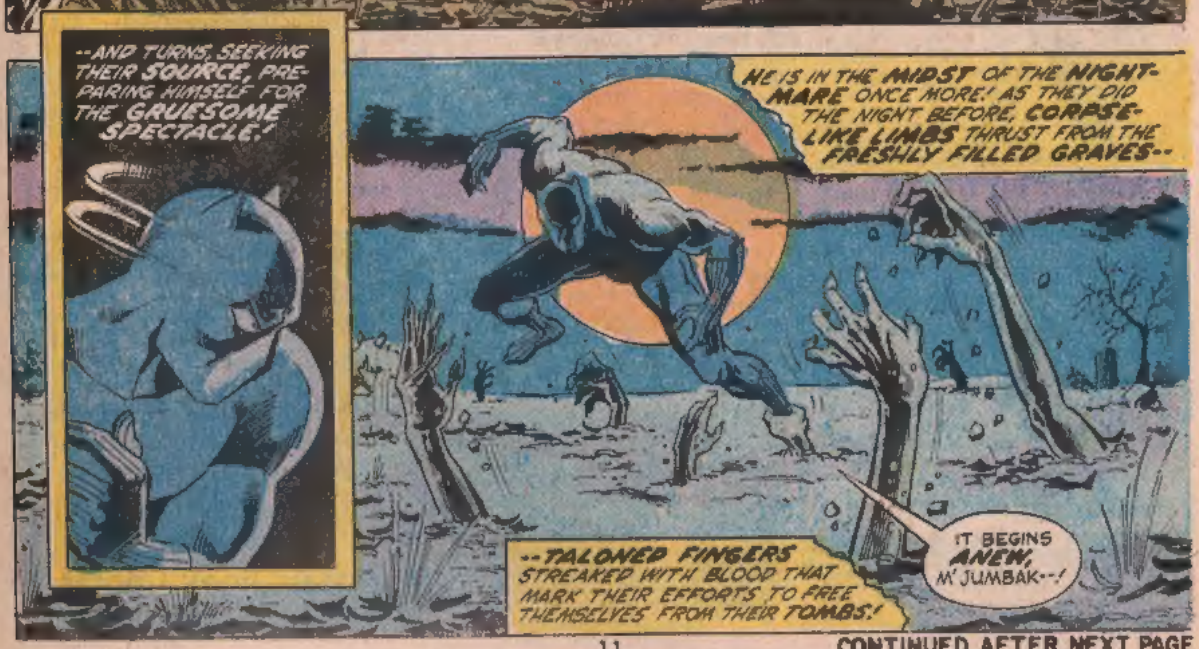
THE LONG NIGHT HAS JUST BEGUN. T'CHALLA WATCHES TANZIKA QUIETLY APPROACH THE THRONE. HER DARK EYES ARE WITHOUT DEPTH, THE FLAMES OF THE SHASH KEBAB DINNER BLAZE THERE SULLENLY.
T'CHALLA STARES PAST TANZIKA, REMEMBERING THE LONG, DARK HOURS OF VIOLENCE FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE, DEADLY HOURS WITH MIDNIGHT SKIES THAT THREATENED THE DAWN LIGHT.
LAST NIGHT, ZATAMA HAD STILL BEEN ALIVE! LAST NIGHT, SOMEONE HAD THRUST A SPEAR INTO HIS CHEST AND THE DAWN LIGHT HAD SHOWN WARMLY ON HIS CORPSE!
BUT THEN, LAST NIGHT HAD BEEN A NIGHT OF DEATH, AND NOT ALL THE CORPSES HAD BEEN AS STILL AS ZATAMA'S.
W'KABI, I TOLD YOU. LAST NIGHT, M'JUMBAK'S WIFE CAME TO ME, TELLING ME HER HUSBAND WAS MISSING.
I FOUND M'JUMBAK LAST NIGHT, W'KABI... I FOUND HIM DEAD--!
--LYING ON THE DAMP EARTH OF A SMALL CEMETERY... SLAIN BY SKELETAL FIGURES THAT ROSE FROM THAT DAMP EARTH.
THEY WERE LED BY BARON MACABRE!
YOU EAT ALONE TONIGHT, MY CHIEFTAIN.
I HAVE HEARD OF YOUR WOMAN ...AND OF HER TERRIBLE DEED!
HUSH, TANZIKA.
IT WOULD SEEM THE KITCHEN IS OVER-STOCKED WITH ROAST KRAAL VENISON. DON'T THEY CHANGE THE MENUS, ANYMORE?
T'CHALLA!
YOU CANNOT TURN YOUR BACK ON MY QUESTIONS ANY LONGER.' WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THE OUT-WORLPER?
SHE HAS BEEN FRAMED, W'KABI. I AM SURE OF THAT. I'M JUST NOT SURE WHO FRAMED HER!
WAS IT YOU W'KABI? YOU HATED ZATAMA ALMOST AS MUCH AS YOU DO MONICA!
I HAVE TRIED TO UNDERSTAND YOU, T'CHALLA. I HAVE STILL CALLED YOU MY CHIEF--
W'KABI'S ANGER SURPRISINGLY CEASES. T'CHALLA TURNS AND SEES KAROTA, M'JUMBAK'S WIFE, STANDING AS IF LOST IN THE MODERN TECHNOLOGY OF THE THRONE ROOM, AS IF SHE WISHES SHE WERE BACK IN THE FIELDS WITH M'JUMBAK AT HER SIDE--
--BUT BEFORE T'CHALLA SPEAKS... SHE KNOWS M'JUMBAK WILL NEVER RETURN!


T'CHALLA HOLDS KAROTA FOR A LONG MOMENT, MURMURING VEHEMENTLY, "I WILL AVENGE M'JUMBAK'S DEATH!" BUT THEY ARE WORDS THAT MEAN NOTHING TO HER.
AND THEN HE KNOWS HE CAN AVOID THE TASK NO LONGER! HE RETURNS TO THE SMALL CEMETERY BORDERING M'JUMBAK'S FARMLAND... AND DROPS INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE DEATH SITE.


M'JUMBAK'S BODY IS BRITTLE, CURIOUSLY REMINDING HIM OF THE LEECHES INSIDE THE CROCODILE'S MOUTH, THEIR JUICES SUCKED DRY INTO HOLLOW SHELLS.
I AM SORRY I COULD NOT RETURN FOR YOU SOONER, M'JUMBAK.
TONIGHT ...TONIGHT, I WILL TAKE YOU BACK HOME... AND AWAY FROM THIS HELLISH PLACE!
HE HEARS THE FIRST FAINT CLAWINGS THEN--


--AND TURNS, SEEKING THEIR SOURCE, PREPARING HIMSELF FOR THE GRUESOME SPECTACLE!
HE IS IN THE MIDST OF THE NIGHTMARE ONCE MORE! AS THEY DID THE NIGHT BEFORE, CORPSE-LIKE LIMBS THRUST FROM THE FRESHLY FILLED GRAVES--
--TALONED FINGERS STREAKED WITH BLOOD THAT MARK THEIR EFFORTS TO FREE THEMSELVES FROM THEIR TOMBS!
IT BEGINS ANEW, M'JUMBAK--!

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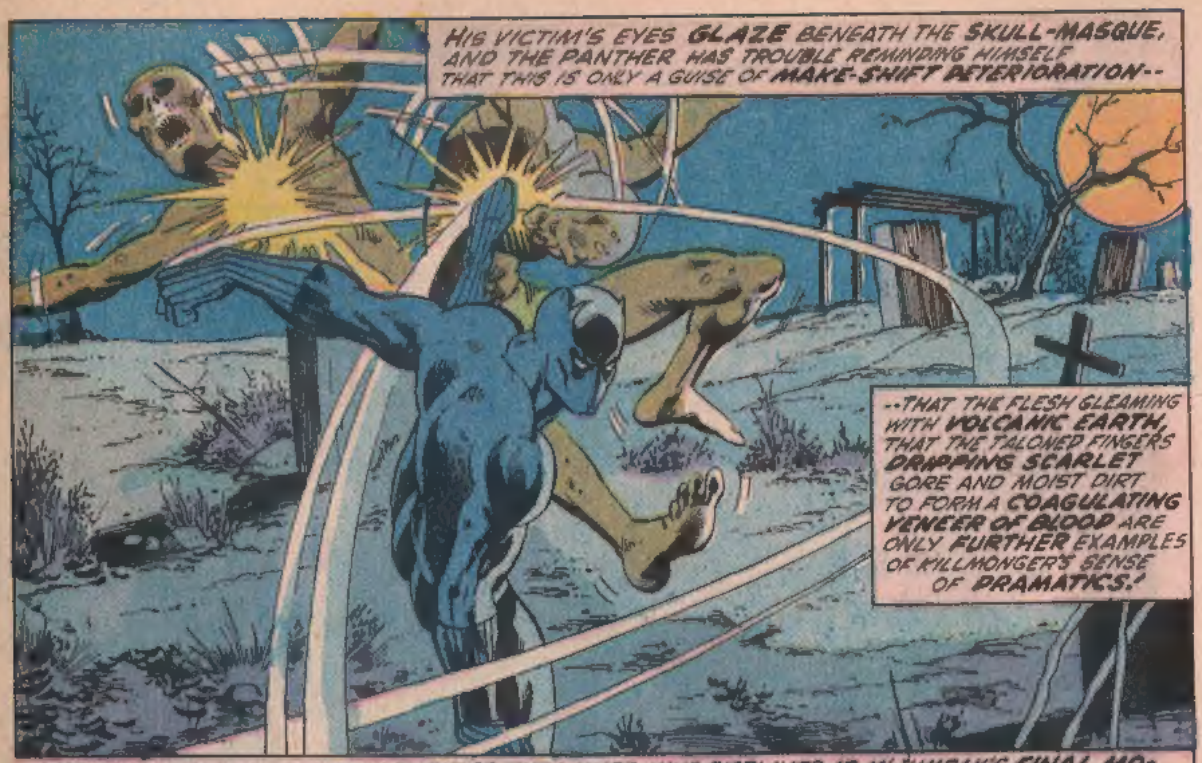
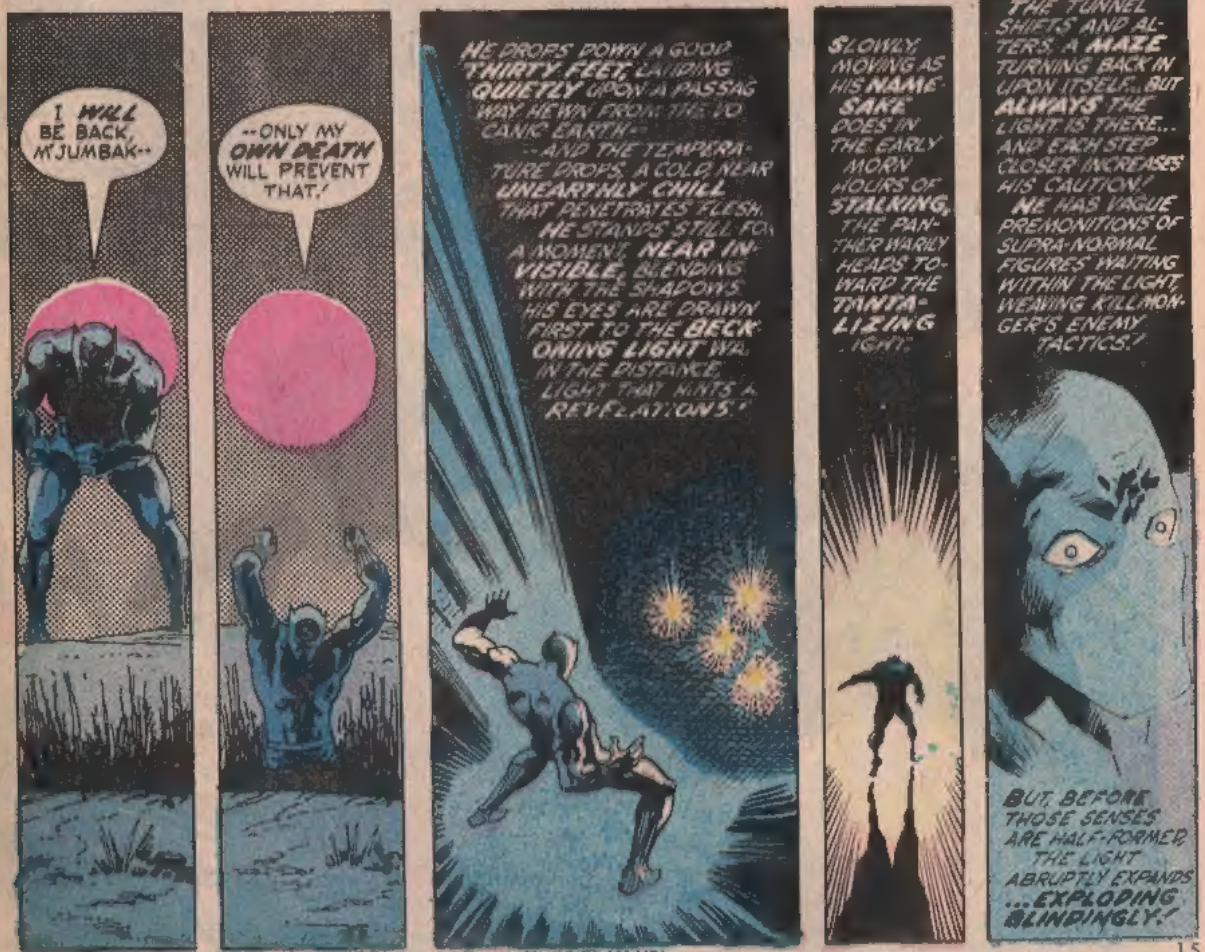
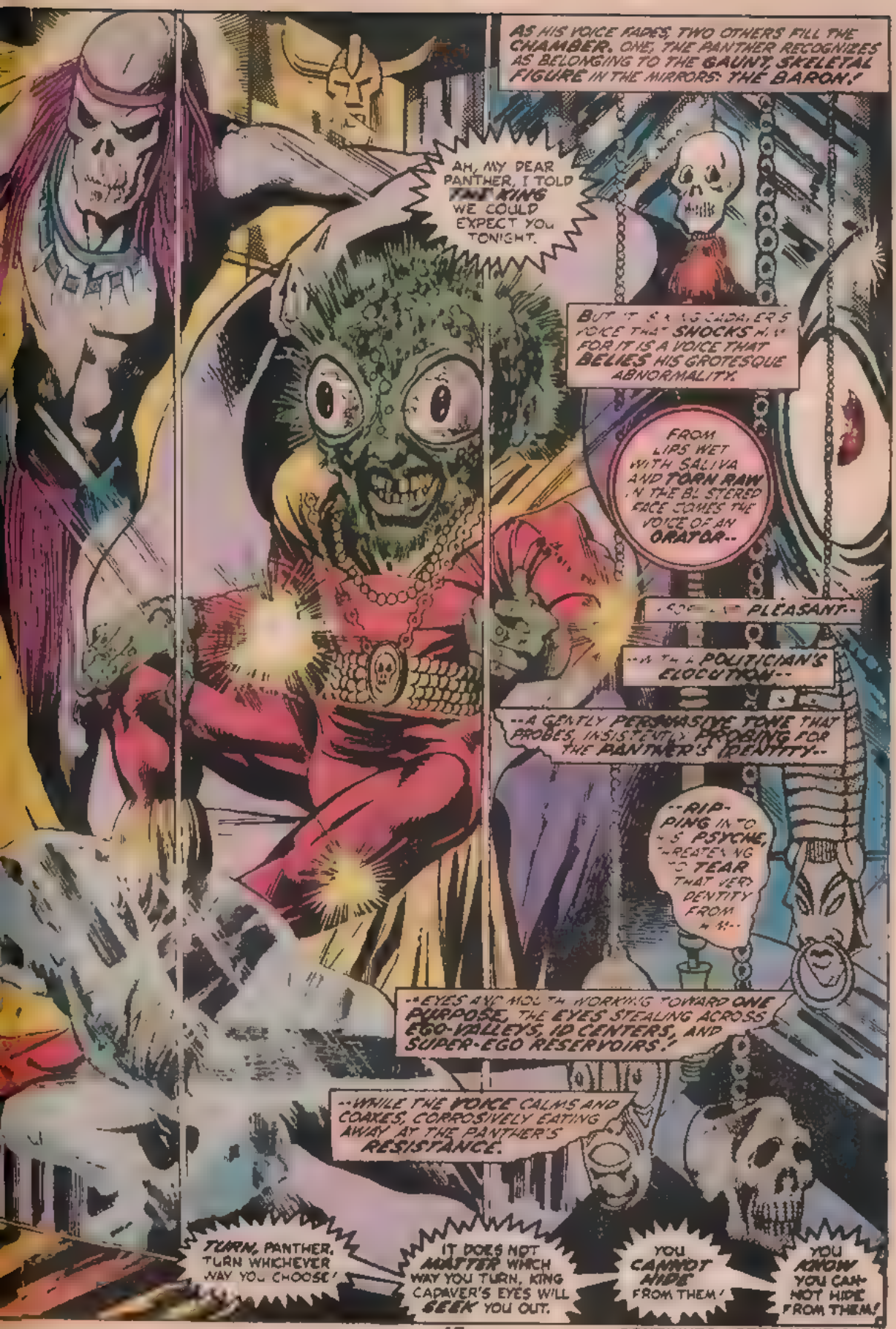
BUT THIS TIME, I SHALL NOT BE DRIVEN AWAY--!
NOT BY THESE "CORPSES"--!
--NOR THEIR LEADER, BARON MACABRE--!
NOTHING SHALL STOP ME--UNTIL I REACH THE UNSEEN FIGURE OF "DEATH INCARNATE"... KING CADAVER!
IT WAS AN UNWISE DECISION TO RETURN. ONE DOES NOT--
SSURRVIIVE!
AH, THE "DEAD" HAVE VOICES OF THEIR OWN!
THEN, WE SHALL SPEAK AT LENGTH.
AND YOUR SURVIVAL AS WELL MAY DEPEND ON THE DECISIONS YOU MAKE!
HOW LONG DO YOU SUPPOSE A "CORPSE" CAN GO WITHOUT BREATHING?... SUPPOSE WE TRY AND FIND OUT, HUH?
NOW I'VE GOT A QUESTION: MACABRE! I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE BARON IS!
AND I'M REALLY HOPING YOU DON'T ANSWER TOO QUICKLY!
GGHUUH!
GETTING DIFFICULT TO BREATHE, IS IT?
PERHAPS YOU WERE ONLY ONE OF THE ONES WHO WATCHED M'JUMBAK DIE! I'LL BET HIS DEATH MEANT NOTHING TO YOU, DID IT?
UUAARRK!
BUT IT MEANS SOMETHING NOW. IT MEANS YOU ARE VERY CLOSE TO BECOMING A REAL CORPSE--
--AND THOSE PHONY TALONED FINGERTIPS WON'T DIG YOU OUT OF ANY MORE SHROUDS!
BELOW! ANY... URK ...ANY OF THE GRAVES!
TO WHERE?
THEY... THEY LEAD TO ...TO THE DARK REALM!
TO ...KING CADAVER!


HIS VICTIM'S EYES GLAZE BENEATH THE SKULL-MASQUE, AND THE PANTHER HAS TROUBLE REMINDING HIMSELF THAT THIS IS ONLY A GUISE OF MAKE-SHIFT DETERIORATION--
--THAT THE FLESH GLEAMING WITH VOLCANIC EARTH, THAT THE TALONED FINGERS DRIPPING SCARLET GORE AND MOIST DIRT TO FORM A COAGULATING VENEER OF BLOOD ARE ONLY FURTHER EXAMPLES OF KILLMONGER'S SENSE OF DRAMATICS!
ANGRILY, IMAGINING THE CALLOUSNESS THEY MUST HAVE DISPLAYED AT M'JUMBAK'S FINAL MOMENTS, THE PANTHER FLINGS THE UNDERLING ASIDE... AND HARDLY NOTICES THE OTHERS THAT TRY TO STOP HIM AS HE APPROACHES THE NEAREST GRAVE.


I WILL BE BACK, M'JUMBAK--
--ONLY MY OWN DEATH WILL PREVENT THAT!
HE DROPS DOWN A GOOD THIRTY FEET, LANDING QUIETLY UPON A PASSAGEWAY HEWN FROM THE VOLCANIC EARTH--
--AND THE TEMPERATURE DROPS A COLD, NEAR UNEARTHLY CHILL THAT PENETRATES FLESH. HE STANDS STILL FOR A MOMENT, NEAR INVISIBLE, BLENDING WITH THE SHADOWS. HIS EYES ARE DRAWN FIRST TO THE BECKONING LIGHT WAY IN THE DISTANCE, LIGHT THAT HINTS AT REVELATIONS!
SLOWLY, MOVING AS HIS NAMESAKE DOES IN THE EARLY MORN HOURS OF STALKING, THE PANTHER WARILY HEADS TOWARD THE TANTALIZING LIGHT.
THE TUNNEL SHIFTS AND ALTERS, A MAZE TURNING BACK IN UPON ITSELF... BUT ALWAYS THE LIGHT IS THERE... AND EACH STEP CLOSER INCREASES HIS CAUTION! HE HAS VAGUE PREMONITIONS OF SUPRA-NORMAL FIGURES WAITING WITHIN THE LIGHT, WEAVING KILLMONGER'S ENEMY TACTICS!
BUT, BEFORE THOSE SENSES ARE HALF-FORMED, THE LIGHT ABRUPTLY EXPANDS ...EXPLODING BLINDINGLY!

THE PANTHER CROUCHES AS THE LIGHT LANCES THROUGH HIS EYES INTO HIS BRAIN!
HE HEARS THE VOICES FIRST, VOICES THAT HAVE NO APPARENT POINT OF ORIGIN.
HIS VISION ADAPTS TO THE INTENSE, NEON-BRIGHT GLARE, AND HE TURNS, A SNARL TWISTING HIS LIPS, TURNING INTO HIS OWN IMAGE.
SUPERIMPOSED OVER HIS COILED FACE IS ANOTHER FIGURE AND FACE, A PRESENCE THAT DWARFS HIS OWN. IT IS A TERRIFYING SIGHT, FLESH MALIGNANTLY SWOLLEN, AN OBSCENE FACE BLOATED WITH SAC-LIKE GLANDS.
THE KING'S EYES ARE EVERYWHERE! THE PANTHER SEES THEM A HUNDRED TIMES IN REFLECTIONS OF REFLECTIONS! AND THEY ARE BULGING, MESMERIZING, LINED WITH VEINS THAT PULSE WITH CONCENTRATION!
KING CADAVER!!
MACKLE! I KNEW YOU'D BE HERE--
- BUT THIS. . !


AS HIS VOICE FADES, TWO OTHERS FILL THE CHAMBER. ONE, THE PANTHER RECOGNIZES AS BELONGING TO THE GAUNT, SKELETAL FIGURE IN THE MIRRORS: THE BARON!
AH, MY DEAR PANTHER, I TOLD THE KING WE COULD EXPECT YOU TONIGHT.
BUT IT IS A CAJOLER'S VOICE THAT SHOCKS ME, FOR IT IS A VOICE THAT BELIES HIS GROTESQUE ABNORMALITY.
FROM LIPS WET WITH SALIVA AND TORN RAW IN THE BLISTERED FACE COMES THE VOICE OF AN ORATOR--
--OF A PLEASANT--
--IN THE POLITICIAN'S ELOCUTION--
--A GENTLY PERSUASIVE TONE THAT PROBES, INSISTENTLY, PROBING FOR THE PANTHER'S IDENTITY--
--RIP-PING INTO HIS PSYCHE, THREATENING TO TEAR THAT VERY IDENTITY FROM HIM--
--EYES AND MOUTH WORKING TOWARD ONE PURPOSE, THE EYES STEALING ACROSS EGO-VALLEYS, ID CENTERS, AND SUPER-EGO RESERVOIRS."
--WHILE THE VOICE CALMS AND COAXES, CORROSIVELY EATING AWAY AT THE PANTHER'S RESISTANCE.
TURN, PANTHER, TURN WHICHEVER WAY YOU CHOOSE!
IT DOES NOT MATTER WHICH WAY YOU TURN, KING CADAVER'S EYES WILL SEEK YOU OUT.
YOU CANNOT HIDE FROM THEM!
YOU KNOW YOU CANNOT HIDE FROM THEM!

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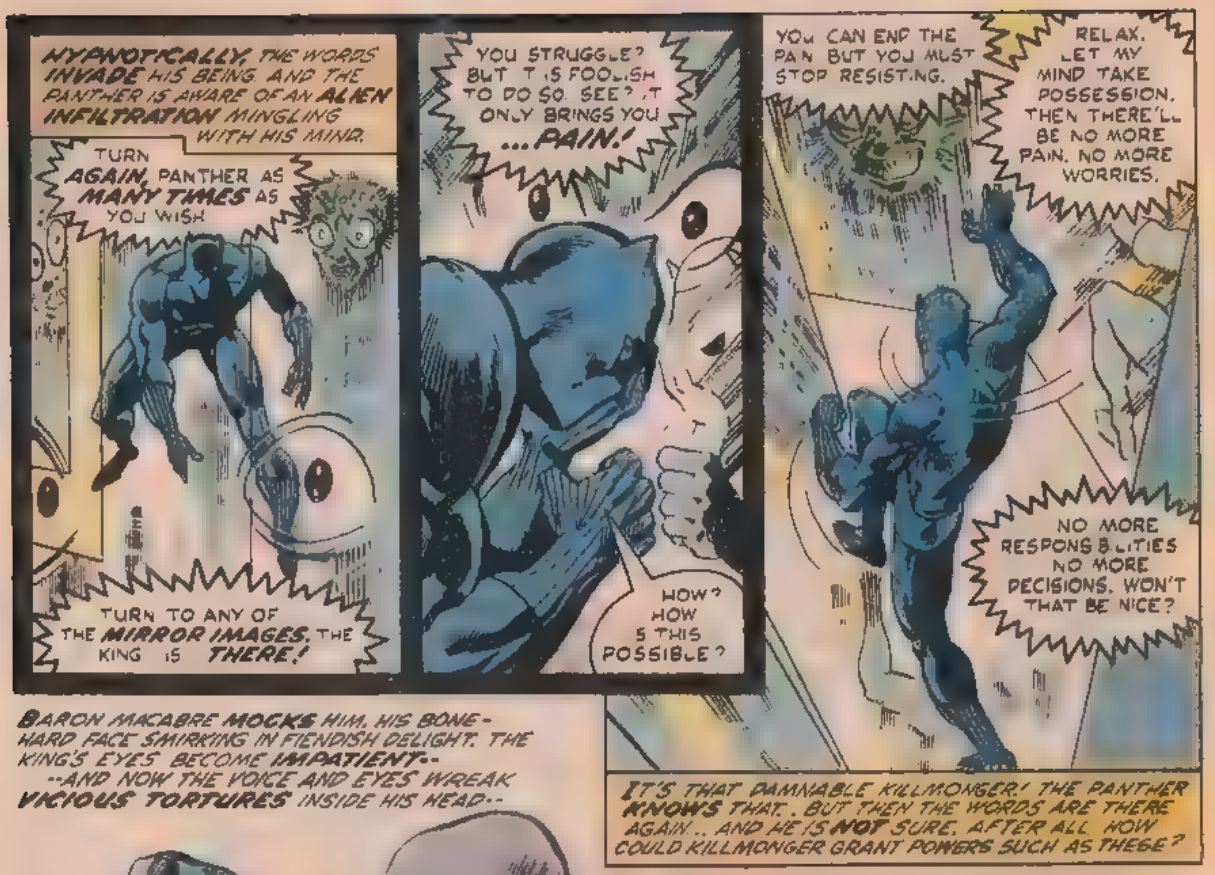
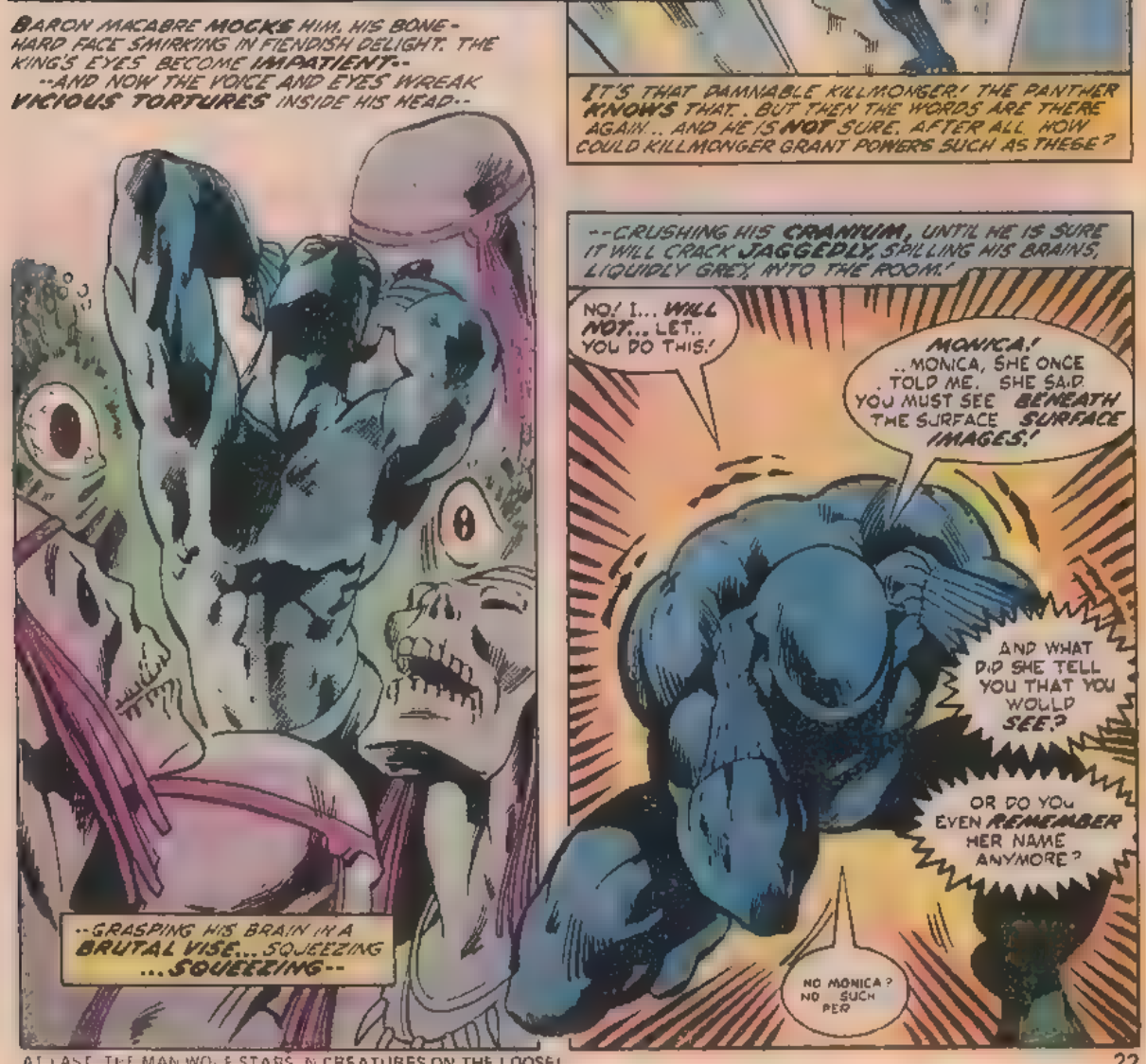
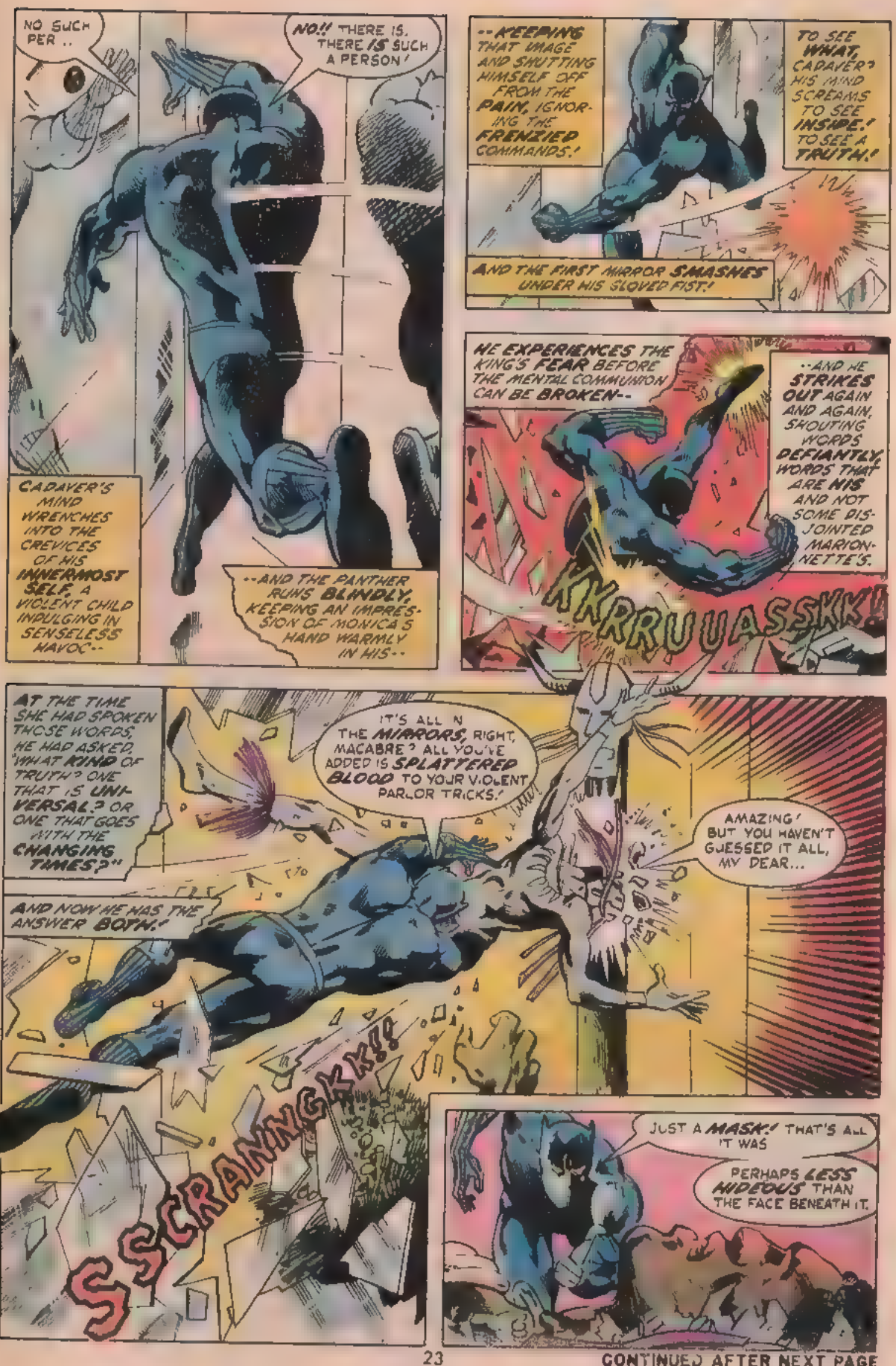

HYPNOTICALLY, THE WORDS INVADE HIS BEING AND THE PANTHER IS AWARE OF AN ALIEN INFILTRATION MINGLING WITH HIS MIND.
TURN AGAIN, PANTHER AS MANY TIMES AS YOU WISH
TURN TO ANY OF THE MIRROR IMAGES. THE KING IS THERE!
YOU STRUGGLE? BUT THIS FOOLISH TO DO SO. SEE? IT ONLY BRINGS YOU ...PAIN!
HOW? HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?
YOU CAN END THE PAIN BUT YOU MUST STOP RESISTING.
RELAX. LET MY MIND TAKE POSSESSION. THEN THERE'LL BE NO MORE PAIN. NO MORE WORRIES.
NO MORE RESPONSIBILITIES NO MORE DECISIONS. WON'T THAT BE NICE?
IT'S THAT DAMNABLE KILLMONGER! THE PANTHER KNOWS THAT. BUT THEN THE WORDS ARE THERE AGAIN.. AND HE IS NOT SURE. AFTER ALL, HOW COULD KILLMONGER GRANT POWERS SUCH AS THESE?


BARON MACABRE MOCKS HIM, HIS BONE-HARD FACE SMIRKING IN FIENDISH DELIGHT. THE KING'S EYES BECOME IMPATIENT--
--AND NOW THE VOICE AND EYES WREAK VICIOUS TORTURES INSIDE HIS HEAD--
--GRASPING HIS BRAIN IN A BRUTAL VISE... SQUEEZING ...SQUEEZING--
--CRUSHING HIS CRANIUM, UNTIL HE IS SURE IT WILL CRACK JAGGEDLY, SPILLING HIS BRAINS, LIQUIDLY GREY, INTO THE ROOM!
NO! I... WILL NOT... LET.. YOU DO THIS!
MONICA! ..MONICA, SHE ONCE TOLD ME. SHE SAID YOU MUST SEE BENEATH THE SURFACE SURFACE IMAGES!
AND WHAT DID SHE TELL YOU THAT YOU WOULD SEE?
OR DO YOU EVEN REMEMBER HER NAME ANYMORE?
NO MONICA? NO SUCH PER


NO SUCH PER ..
NO!! THERE IS. THERE IS SUCH A PERSON!
CADAVER'S MIND WRENCHES INTO THE CREVICES OF HIS INNERMOST SELF, A VIOLENT CHILD INDULGING IN SENSELESS HAVOC--
--AND THE PANTHER RUNS BLINDLY, KEEPING AN IMPRESSION OF MONICA'S HAND WARMLY IN HIS--
--KEEPING THAT IMAGE AND SHUTTING HIMSELF OFF FROM THE PAIN, IGNORING THE FRENZIED COMMANDS!
TO SEE WHAT, CADAVER? HIS MIND SCREAMS TO SEE INSIDE! TO SEE A TRUTH!
AND THE FIRST MIRROR SMASHES UNDER HIS GLOVED FIST!
HE EXPERIENCES THE KING'S FEAR BEFORE THE MENTAL COMMUNION CAN BE BROKEN--
--AND HE STRIKES OUT AGAIN AND AGAIN, SHOUTING WORDS DEFIANTLY, WORDS THAT ARE HIS AND NOT SOME DISJOINTED MARIONETTE'S.
KKRRUUASSKK!
AT THE TIME SHE HAD SPOKEN THOSE WORDS, HE HAD ASKED, "WHAT KIND OF TRUTH? ONE THAT IS UNIVERSAL? OR ONE THAT GOES WITH THE CHANGING TIMES?"
AND NOW HE HAS THE ANSWER BOTH!
IT'S ALL IN THE MIRRORS, RIGHT, MACABRE? ALL YOU'VE ADDED IS SPLATTERED BLOOD TO YOUR VIOLENT PARLOR TRICKS!
AMAZING! BUT YOU HAVEN'T GUESSED IT ALL, MY DEAR...
SSCRANNGKKK!
JUST A MASK! THAT'S ALL IT WAS
PERHAPS LESS HIDEOUS THAN THE FACE BENEATH IT.

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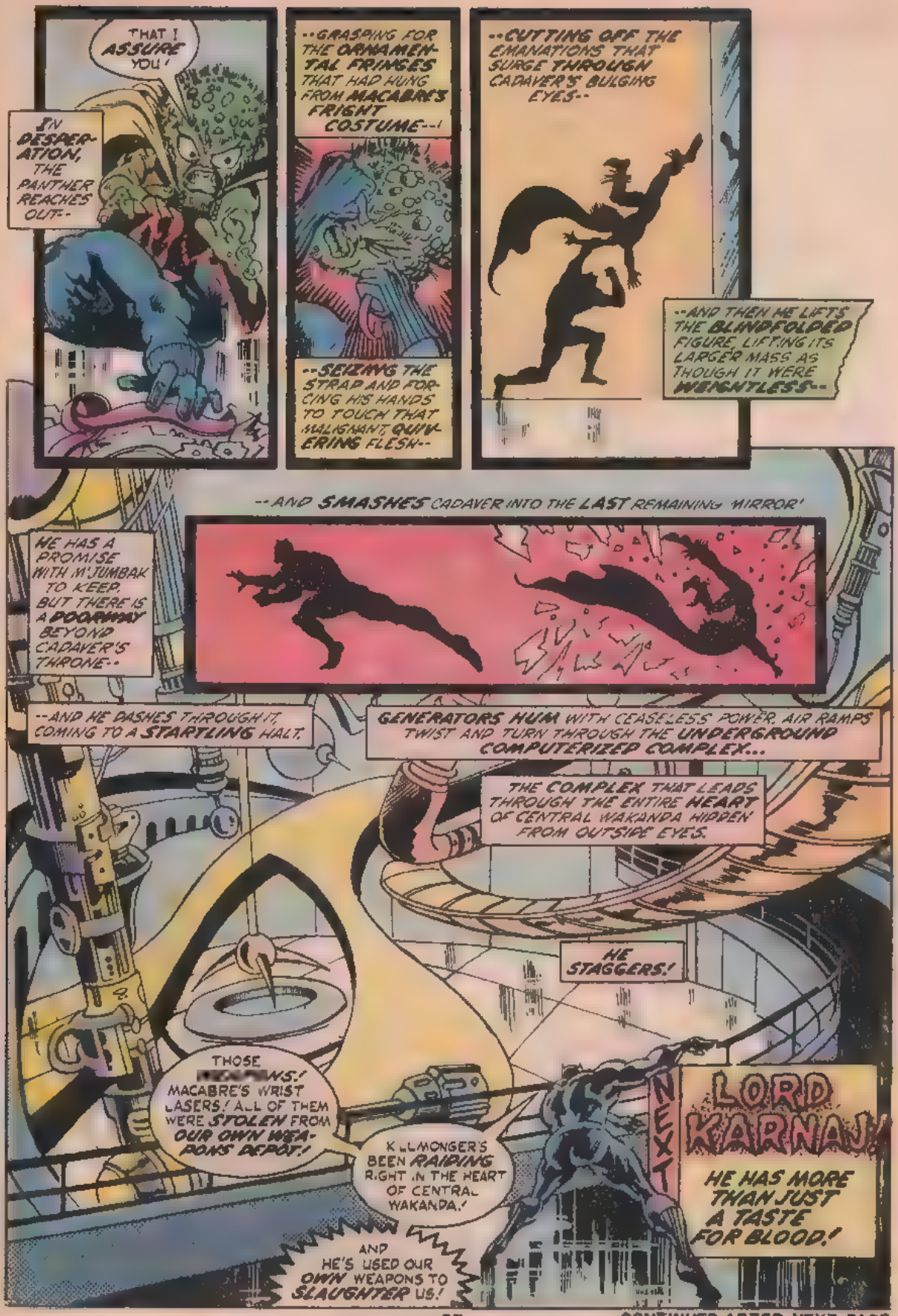
IT S NOT ALL OVER. AND THE BARON IS CORRECT. YOU HAVE NOT GUESSED ALL OF IT.
I DO NOT NEED THE MIRRORS TO TAKE YOUR WILL FROM YOU. THEY MERELY MAGNIFY MY EMANATIONS.
THEN YOU'D BETTER MAKE IT FAST, CADAVER! BECAUSE I'M COMING FOR YOU... NOW!!
THIS TIME I SHALL ENTER YOUR MIND-- AND I SHALL BATTER IT UNTIL YOU CANNOT CONTROL ANY OF YOUR LIMBS, UNTIL YOUR MOUTH CAN SPEAK ONLY MY WORDS!
I DON'T KNOW WHY KILLMONGER HAD YOU AND MACABRE AND THOSE DEATH REGIMENTS GUARDING THIS PLACE.
--AND HIS VOICE IS LOST! CADAVER'S FACE IS NOT A MASK!
A DEFORMED HAND WITH FLESH THAT HAS THE TEXTURE OF MOLD FORMING ON A CULTURE DISH HOLDS HIM STILL--
--AND THE VOICE AND EYES BEGIN THEIR ASSAULT!
YOUR ASTONISHMENT WILL MAKE THIS ALL THE EASIER!
I MAY LET YOU DIE THIS NIGHT, PANTHER... BUT IT WON'T BE AN EASY DEATH!
BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT AS SOON AS I RIP THIS MASK OFF YOUR--
FACE
THE SWOLLEN INHUMAN FACE SQUIRMS BENEATH HIS CLUTCHING HANDS--


THAT I ASSURE YOU!
IN DESPERATION, THE PANTHER REACHES OUT--
--GRASPING FOR THE ORNAMENTAL FRINGES THAT HAD HUNG FROM MACABRE'S FRIGHT COSTUME--!
--SEIZING THE STRAP AND FORCING HIS HANDS TO TOUCH THAT MALIGNANT, QUIVERING FLESH--
--CUTTING OFF THE EMANATIONS THAT SURGE THROUGH CADAVER'S BULGING EYES--
--AND THEN HE LIFTS THE BLINDFOLDED FIGURE, LIFTING ITS LARGER MASS AS THOUGH IT WERE WEIGHTLESS--
--AND SMASHES CADAVER INTO THE LAST REMAINING MIRROR!
HE HAS A PROMISE WITH M'JUMBAK TO KEEP, BUT THERE IS A DOORWAY BEYOND CADAVER'S THRONE--
--AND HE DASHES THROUGH IT, COMING TO A STARTLING HALT.
GENERATORS HUM WITH CEASELESS POWER. AIR RAMPS TWIST AND TURN THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND COMPUTERIZED COMPLEX...
THE COMPLEX THAT LEADS THROUGH THE ENTIRE HEART OF CENTRAL WAKANDA HIDDEN FROM OUTSIDE EYES.
HE STAGGERS!
THOSE [illegible]NS! MACABRE'S WRIST LASERS! ALL OF THEM WERE STOLEN FROM OUR OWN WEAPONS DEPOT!
KILLMONGER'S BEEN RAIDING RIGHT IN THE HEART OF CENTRAL WAKANDA!
AND HE'S USED OUR OWN WEAPONS TO SLAUGHTER US!
NEXT
LORD KARNAJ
HE HAS MORE THAN JUST A TASTE FOR BLOOD!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

HERE IT IS, PEOPLE! JACK KIRBY'S ORIGINAL COSTUME FOR THE BLACK PANTHER! ONLY WOULDJA BELIEVE THAT BACK IN THOSE HALCYON DAYS STAN AND JACK WERE CALLING HIM THE COAL TIGER!
BLACK PANTHER
Artistry
YOU'VE NO DOUBT NOTICED A FEW SLIGHT CHANGES IN T'CHALLA'S ATTIRE AND NAME WHICH GIVES YOU JUST A VAGUE IDEA WHAT KIND OF VISUAL PREPARATIONS AND CHARACTER ATTITUDES ARE CONSIDERED BEFORE ONE OF OUR SCINTILLATING HEROES BURST FULL BLOWN INTO COMIC BOOK REALITY.
SO HERE IT IS, MARVELITES! FEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS RARE COLLECTOR'S ITEM PRESENTED FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER!
KINDA GETS TO YOU, DOESN'T IT?

OKAY, PANTHERITES! FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO MISSED THE PANTHER'S FIRST FOUR OPENING EPICS, WE PRESENT T'CHALLA'S SUPREME FOE, ERIK KILLMONGER. GRANTED OUR BELLIGERENT REBEL HASN'T BEEN VISUALLY PRESENT SINCE J.A. #7, BUT HIS OMINOUS PRESENCE SHROUDS ALL OF WAKANDA AND IS THE GUIDING HAND BEHIND MOST OF THE DANGERS OUR JUNGLE KING HAS FACED!

THIS IS THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT DON AND RICH WORKED OUT LONG BEFORE THE PANTHER'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN ***JUNGLE ACTION.*** OUR TWO CREATIVE STALWARTS SOUGHT TO MAKE THE PANTHER'S MAJOR ANTAGONISTS AS GRAPHICALLY STIMULATING AS POSSIBLE, AND THEN THEY SUBMITTED THEM TO OUR RASCALLY EDITOR, ROY, FOR APPROVAL.

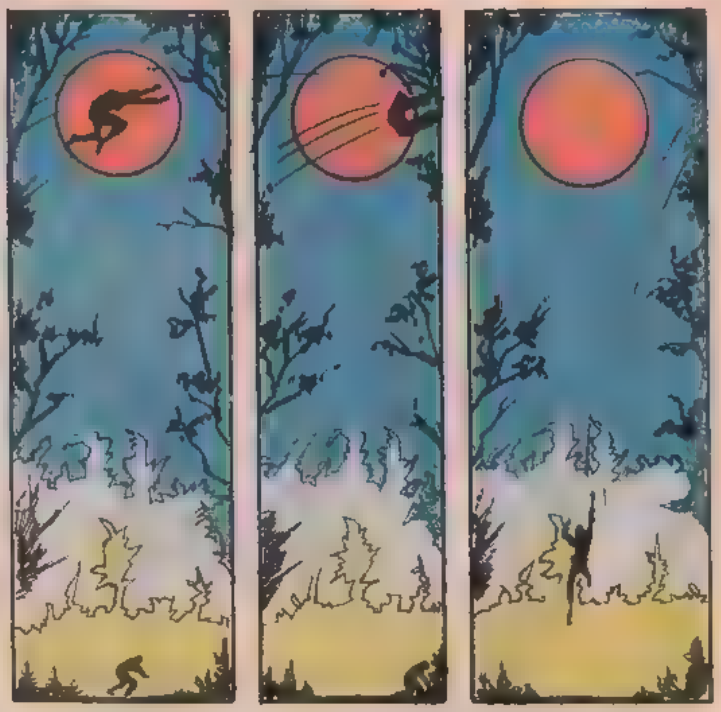
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT KILLMONGER, MARVELITES, 'CAUSE UNLESS THESE ARE FAMOUS LAST WORDS, HE'LL BE BACK JUST WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT! AND HE'LL RIP THESE PAGES ***WIDE OPEN!***

BUCKLER
JANSON

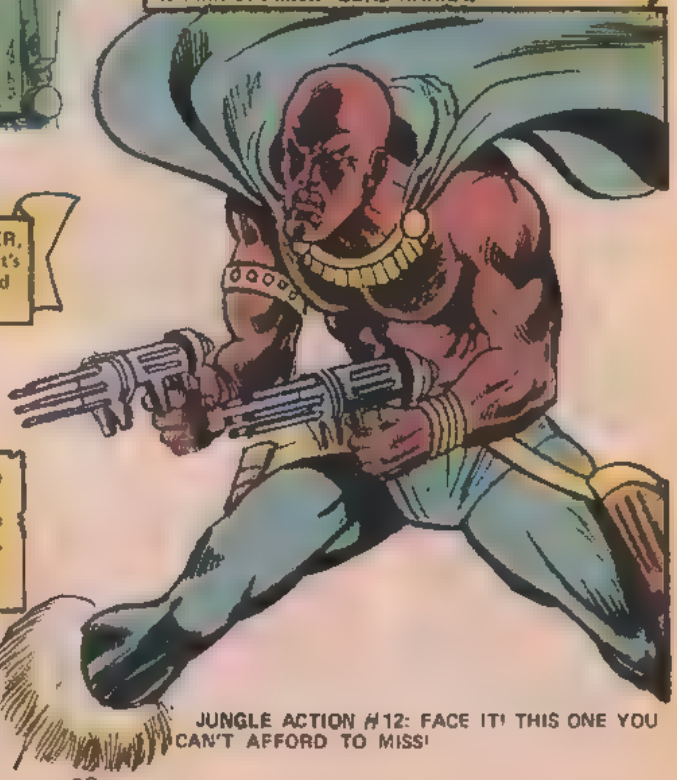
ERIK KILLMONGER!

VERY FEW PEOPLE CALL HIM ERIK!

NEXT ISSUE IN JUNGLE ACTION



You've seen the Panther battling the minions of Killmonger throughout the exotic locales of Wakanda, but next issue he hits Killmonger right where he lives, Pantherites, carrying the battle to Killmonger's home turf where he meets LORD KARNAJ!



And as if that isn't enough, MALICE, KING CADAVER, TAYETE & KAZIBE return in an all out combat ish that's unlike anything your awe-struck eyes have ever witnessed But do we stop there? Of course not

For all you eye-glass super sleuths will finally learn the identity of ZATAMA'S MURDERER! And exactly how Monica Lynne's prints got on that murder weapon, as we play "Benecek" for a special two-page back up feature, that shows you where you blew it or where you matched wits and out-guessed our nefarious creators

JUNGLE ACTION #12: FACE IT! THIS ONE YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS!

JUNGLE RE-ACTIONS

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE WAKANDA CON SOCIETY: Here it is two months after the on sale date of JUNGLE ACTION #9 (hopefully it's only two months) and we're going to try to explain why there was a three to four-month-wait between issues 8 and 9. The paper shortage caught up with us, Gang! Here was our production chief, John Verpoorten, screaming that the issue was late. There was all this Gil Kane and Klaus Janson artwork numbered and ready to go. There was that beautiful coloring by Glynis Wein already sent to Chemical.

And then there was this wait.

Now we're not the impatient types, but when the color make-ready (that's a coverless advance copy of the comic that comes into the office to let us know what bonehead mistakes we made before the books come out on the stands) never showed up after four weeks...we kinda suspected something was wrong.

Something was. Wouldn't you know it?

JUNGLE ACTION was last on the schedule, three books had to be held back and guess which book was one of the three. So now we had that incredible gap between issues. Can continuity survive a three to four month lap? Fortunately we had that comprehensive review in the back of issue #9 to refresh people's memories...and we hope some of you cared enough to look back at your past issues.

So here's the fifth saga in the Panther's Rage series, continuing as strong as ever. When we originally worked on this issue we weren't even aware there would be a price change in effect. The times they are a'changing.

What this all comes down too, is that we hope you're still with us...that you've become involved with the Wakandan culture and its people...that the Panther, Monica, W'Kabi, Taku and the others have become characters that you care about, that become flesh and blood entities that transcend the four color pages, that can even sustain interest after a three or four month absence.

Let us know, hear! We're back at the old homestead, waiting for your replies, your critiques, analyses, and any other type of reaction you care to write.

The PANTHER is back! And you know what? We'd like to keep it that way. We hope you do too!

Now if only Don would come down from the roof everything would be fine.

Dear Roy,

JUNGLE ACTION is great now that you have the right character in it—THE BLACK PANTHER! Plus! For once your whole Bullpen was great!

Issue #6, "Panther's Rage" was great! Issue #7, "Death Regiments Beneath Wakanda" was rated "B". But issue #8, "Malice By Crimson Moonlight" was super-great. "A+"! I dug it! No Prize time! On the cover of issue #8 there's a woman with a green outfit! She wasn't in the mag. Who is she?

Robert Nichols
417½ Chestnut Street
Erie, Penn. 16507

Uuhhh...the Jolly Green Giant's mate?

No?

How about it being Malice's split personality?

Don't buy that either, huh?

Hokay...the real story is that Don saw the cover being colored before it was finished, and when the printed version reached his eyes, he too was amazed by Malice's chameleon number. And he asked as you did, "Who is she?"

She was Malice, but the cover colorist had thought the two pictures of our villainous beauty were really two separate people. And there you have another incident revealed from the wild, unpredictable world of comics. Why it's almost wild and unpredictable enough to give ulcers to a cast-iron stomach.

Dear Roy and Don,

So the BLACK PANTHER has his own mag. It's about time. After all those great white fathers (and mothers) we've had tromping across Africa, a real bona-fide Black African jungle king was desperately needed.

Only there's one thing wrong.

So far as you've depicted it, the Panther is a dirty, ruthless exploiter of his people. How else do you explain the incongruity between that nifty multi-million dollar palace of his and the grass huts his subjects live in?

Such a squandering of the tribal fortune is unthinkable by one so supposedly noble as the Panther has been made out to be. So let's see him spending some of those billions on schools, running water, electricity and generally improving his people's condition, huh?

Remember, this is supposed to be a super-scientific jungle kingdom, not the Wazirl or any other jungle king's pet African tribe for that matter.

Bob Hughes
103 Cottage St
New Haven, Ct 06511

Right on, Bob. No one around here will deny that. Eventually, we will explore much of the contrasts you mention. There have been brief references made of it (see the opening caption on JA #9 concerning the choice each young Wakandan must eventually make), but we have a great deal more to say on the subject in future issues. Don has planned to depict the super culture shock the Wakandans faced initially when the vibranium ore, and the young T'Challa's decisions, changed the very nature of their existence. Don has been waiting for some time to get into that, but in our fifteen-page limit at present he's also had a few other items to concentrate on.

We think you've noticed. If you haven't, go back to the beginning of this issue and we'll start again.

No doubt about it, though, the introduction of sophisticated technology had profound effects upon the Wakandan nation, many of which are manifesting themselves in our current series.

We'll certainly get around to explaining the functions of the Wakandan medical procedures and such. In fact, Don had a bit of that planned for this issue, believe it or not, but he had to cut it at the last moment because it would have amounted to a great deal of overcopy. Some say he's got a bit of that already. But—he's trying.

For instance, on the 7th page of the story, a couple of captions had to be cut that read: "Karoba does not protest as he leads her to the MODERN HOSPITAL in the middle of Central Wakanda, and although the electric lights are a phenomenon she has witnessed before, still she expresses a silent distrust—

—until he gently hands her over to the tribal herbalist, MENDINAO, who leads her past HIGHLY TRAINED SPECIALISTS who wield their surgical specialties in the elaborate waiting rooms, decorated in tribal ornaments that mask the technology in that building."

Okay, room dictated that be cut, but in future issues, as mentioned, we will explore many of those areas. Believe us, we've given it a lot of thought.

One thing's for sure. You're right. The Wakanda aren't the Waziris. No put down...just no way.

Hey, Marvelites, we don't want to say THE BLACK PANTHER has become the rage of the world, but he has made appearances in the comic fanzines not only here in America but even as far away as England.

So here, without further ado, is Richard Burton (that's what it says, don't blame us) reviewing our first BLACK PANTHER appearance in JUNGLE ACTION #6.

"At long last the Black Panther kicks off with his own series and a good start it is too with a new and excellent art team. Buckler is rapidly proving himself to be one of the leaders in the "new wave" of artists with his new art. With inker Klaus Janson, his work is even better. Don McGregor too seems to be becoming synonymous with Buckler, and these two could bear some watching in the future. However, as to this series: T'Challa returns to Wakanda to find that yet another big strong meanie is terrorizing the land in his absence. But, as this is an intro into the series, it shouldn't be judged too harshly. Don seems to be steering away from the super-scientific, prosperous-Wakanda of Jack Kirby to show the more traditional African settlement, even to including two maps on the letters page: one of Central Wakanda and the other of the whole area of Wakanda. Thereby he has set himself limits to work in (there's even an 'uncharted area' called "Domain of the White Gorillas"!) A series to watch - it could be good."

* * * *

And we hope it turned out that way for you, Richard. This review originally appeared in Comic Media's companion review zine which is edited by Nick Landau. But just in case you think the Panther was shunned here in the U.S., here is Guy Lillian's review of JUNGLE ACTION #8 in the Menominee Falls Gazette.

"PANTHER is obviously Don's best work; it shows a lot of effort, and his strong, sharp ability is well put to an interesting task. Rich Buckler's artwork is tremendous this time, even though the action segments aren't as powerful as last issue -dig that two-page splash the most! Fine work all around as Killmonger continues his attack on Wakanda, this time through a svelte villainess named Malice, another of KM's crummy crew. Her beauty is welcome, considering Baron Macabre, coming up next issue. Gil Kane takes over from Buckler in that issue, a fine artist indeed, but I hope a temporary replacement.

* * * *

Extremely temporary, Guy. Gil was able to do only one (excellent) issue.

Now Billy Graham is handling the pencils. But Klaus is still along for our ride into oblivion and with his ever increasing virtuosity as an inker, we think we'll retain quite a sense of continuity.

Thanks for the favorable reviews, Fellas! We're glad you like the end results of those months of effort on the BLACK PANTHER strip.

And now let's get back to our regular correspondents.

Dear Roy, Don, Rich and Klaus,

The latest JUNGLE ACTION (#8) shows signs of creativity (well, the first three pages anyway. From there on it looks like them old deadlines blues again.)

Keep up the good work, though. The idea of a combination primitive - scientific society that belongs to no time is fascinating.

My only real complaint is the length of the stories. C'mon! Can't you do something?

Fillers can be a rip-off on the consumer, forcing (sort of) him to buy 4 or 5 pages of reprints to get only 14 pages of the real thing. And besides, features like "Black Panther Artistry" are just gonna get you in trouble...it made me miss Barry Smith!

Rock on!

John Hayman
22 Copley Terr.
Pittsfield Ma. 01201

Sorry you feel that way about the feature pages, John. We don't happen to think they're a rip-off. Actually, they are supplied compliments of several people (among them Danny Kresp, Jim Salicrup and Ed Hannigan) who have offered their time and efforts to Don so that reprint material can be held to a minimum.

If having the Panther remain at 15 pages means it will survive as a series, we can't be entirely against it. The series means that much to its creators.

Of course they'd all like to see it expand, including Stan and Roy, and hope that it will happen soon.

Meantime, we're issuing these feature pages to give you as visually interesting sidelight concepts as possible, exploring related facets of the series. Hopefully, because it will be impossible to keep these feature pages going forever, sales and reader response will warrant the Panther spreading through the entire book.

As for Rich, though he's sadly had to leave the Panther, he and Don will team again in AMAZING ADVENTURES #25, where Rich lends his dynamic style to Killraven and WAR OF THE WORLDS.

But let us know how you feel about the first appearance of our man, Billy Graham. We'll be waiting on your answer, Marvelites.

Hang in there!

THIS IS IT! YOUR
MARVEL
VALUE
STAMP
FOR THIS ISSUE!
CLIP 'EM AND
COLLECT 'EM!

JUNGLE ACTION
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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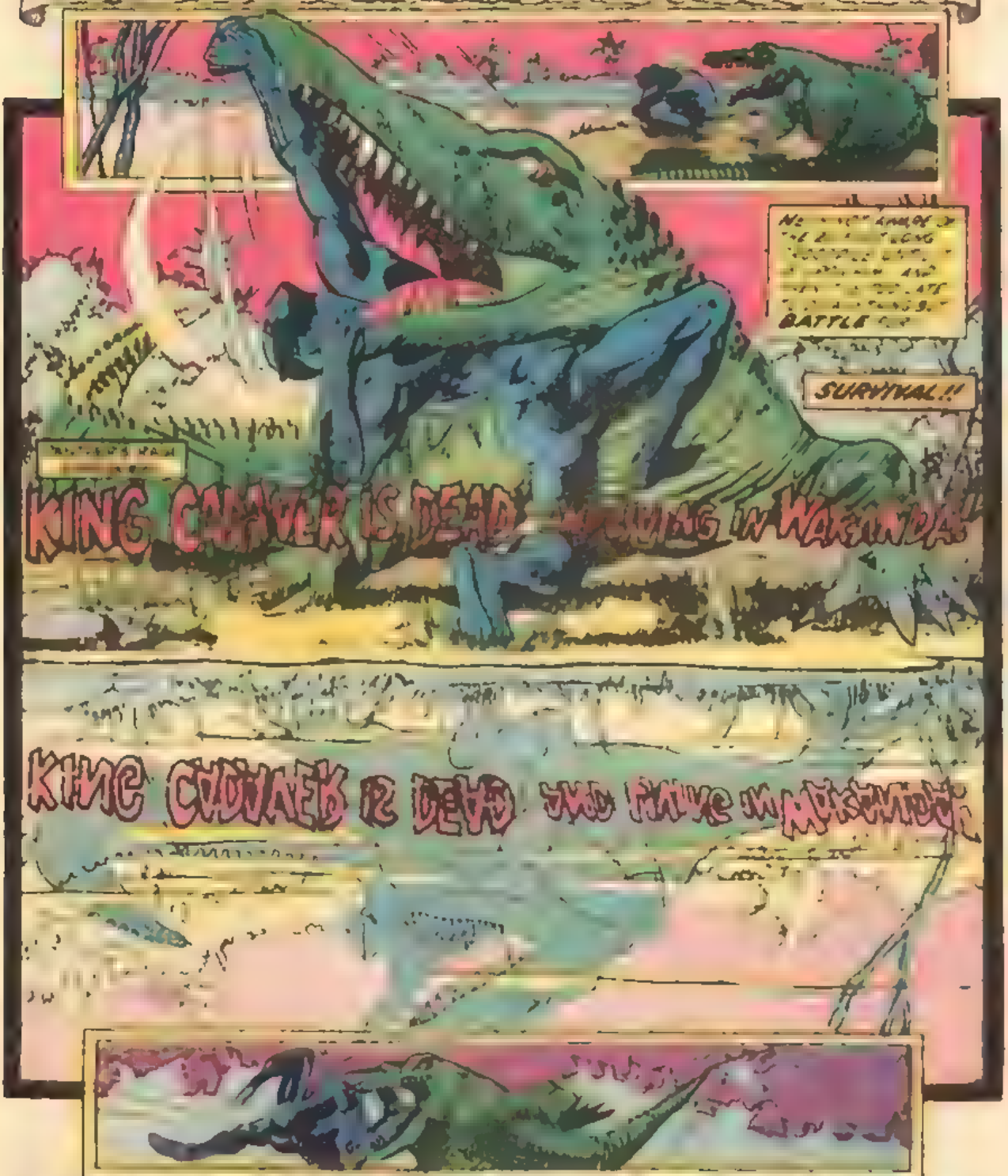
JUNGLE ACTION FEATURING!
THE BLACK PANTHER
STRIKES AGAIN, AS--
KING CADAVER IS DEAD AND LIVING IN WAKANDA!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE BLACK PANTHER!

DON McGREGOR / BILLY GRAHAM and KLAUS JANSON / [illegible] / ROY THOMAS
WRITER / ARTISTS / EDITOR



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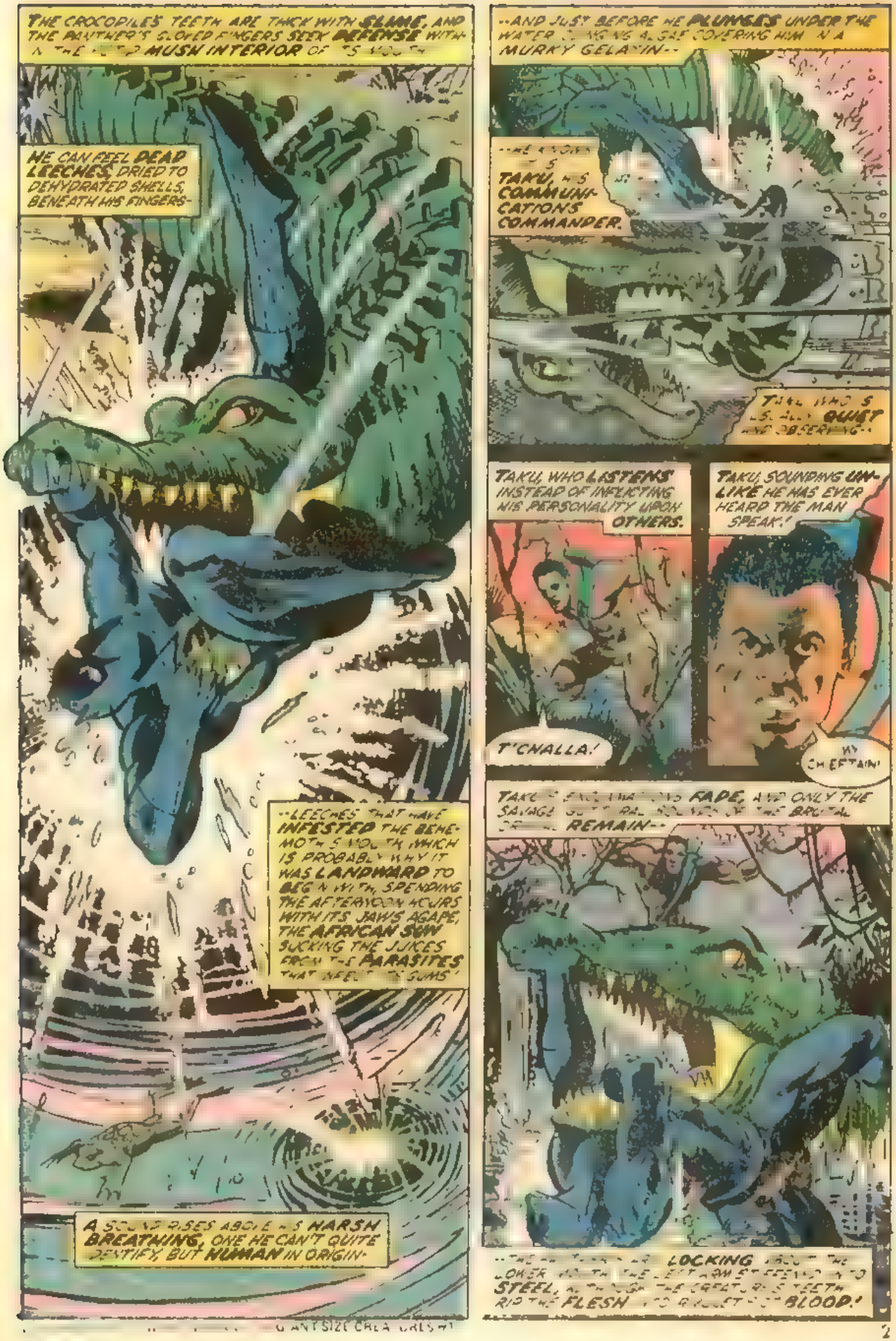
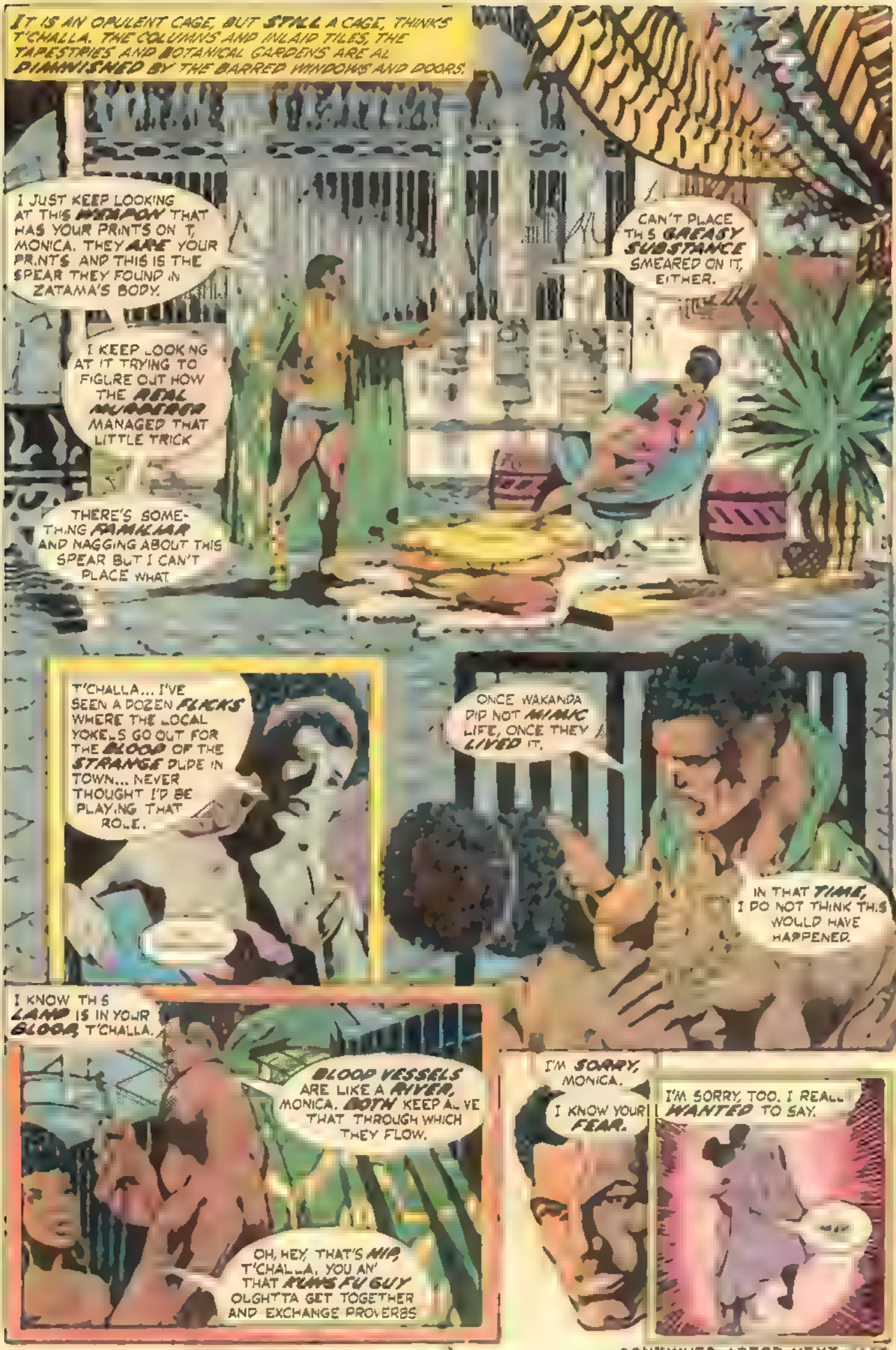

THE CROCODILE'S TEETH ARE THICK WITH SLIME, AND THE PANTHER'S CLOVED FINGERS SEEK DEFENSE WITH IN THE [illegible] MUSH INTERIOR OF [illegible]
HE CAN FEEL DEAD LEECHES, DRIED TO DEHYDRATED SHELLS, BENEATH HIS FINGERS-
--LEECHES THAT HAVE INFESTED THE BEHEMOTH'S MOUTH (WHICH IS PROBABLY WHY IT WAS LANDWARD TO BEGIN WITH, SPENDING THE AFTERNOON HOURS WITH ITS JAWS AGAPE, THE AFRICAN SUN SUCKING THE JUICES FROM THIS PARASITES THAT NEED THE SUNS'
A SOUND RISES ABOVE THIS HARSH BREATHING, ONE HE CAN'T QUITE IDENTIFY, BUT HUMAN IN ORIGIN.
--AND JUST BEFORE HE PLUNGES UNDER THE WATER [illegible] AGAINS A SAFE COVERING HIM IN A MURKY GELATIN--
--HE KNOWS THIS TAKU, HIS COMMUNICATIONS COMMANDER.
THIS WAS HIS QUIET AND OBSERVING--
TAKU, WHO LISTENS INSTEAD OF INFLICTING HIS PERSONALITY UPON OTHERS.
T'CHALLA!
TAKU, SOUNDING UNLIKE HE HAS EVER HEARD THE MAN SPEAK!
MY CHIEFTAIN!
TAKU'S [illegible] FADE, AND ONLY THE SAVAGE [illegible] REMAIN--
--THE [illegible] LOCKING ABOUT THE LOWER JAW THE LEFT FORM STEELED AND STEEL, AS THE GREAT BLACK TEETH RIP THE FLESH AND GUSH OUT THE BLOOD!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

I SAW YOU LEAVE THE PALACE EARLIER YOU WERE FARTHER DOWN STREAM THAN I THOUGHT YOU'D BE.
I SUPPOSE M'KABI WOULD TELL YOU THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN RIVER THE CROCODILES ARE SELDOM SIGHTED NEAR THE AMBER PAGODA.
A MAN GOES TO BROOD WHERE IT'S MOST ISOLATED, TAKU, UNLESS HE HAS SOMEONE TO LISTEN TO HIS SILENCES.
THAT'S WHY I CAME LOOKING FOR YOU, T'CHALLA. IT'S ABOUT MISS LYNNE... YOUR GUEST...
I STOPPED BY THE CELL THE INNER COUNCIL HAS LOCKED HER IN SINCE-
THEY ACCUSED HER OF MURDERING ZATAMA. SHE ASKED TO SEE YOU.
I COULDN'T RELEASE HER
NO YOU'RE RIGHT M'KABI WOULD THINK I SIDED WITH THE OUTWORLDER ONCE AGAIN
I LOSE HIM TAKU
HE WAS ONCE MY RIGHT HAND HEAD OF COURT SECURITY. HIS ONLY ABSENCE FROM OUR LAND THAT SEPARATED US TAKU?
PERHAPS YOU LEFT HIM STANDING ON THE SHORELINE MY CHIEFTAIN
THE CURRENT CONTINUES TO TRAVEL SO DIFFICULT TO RETURN TO THE SHORELINE IT HAS PASSED.
ANGERS HAVE BROUGHT MONICA TO OUR HIDDEN LAND, BUT GUESTS WERE NEVER INVITED BEFORE
PART OF IT IS KILLMONGER. SURELY YOU KNOW THAT?
KILLMONGER THE MAGNIFICENT REBEL BUT HE HAS NO CONCERN FOR THE FRAILTY OF THE VICTIMS HE MAIMS!
HE WOULD GOVERN THIS LAND IF THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL IT BUT HE WOULD ONLY BE CONCERNED WITH HIS OWN DESIGNS.
THE QUESTION YOU MUST ASK YOURSELF MY CHIEFTAIN IS IF YOU--
HAVE BEEN ANY DIFFERENT


IT IS AN OPULENT CAGE, BUT STILL A CAGE, THINKS T'CHALLA. THE COLUMNS AND INLAID TILES, THE TAPESTRIES AND BOTANICAL GARDENS ARE ALL DIMINISHED BY THE BARRED WINDOWS AND DOORS.
I JUST KEEP LOOKING AT THIS WEAPON THAT HAS YOUR PRINTS ON IT, MONICA. THEY ARE YOUR PRINTS AND THIS IS THE SPEAR THEY FOUND IN ZATAMA'S BODY.
I KEEP LOOKING AT IT TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW THE REAL MURDERER MANAGED THAT LITTLE TRICK
THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR AND NAGGING ABOUT THIS SPEAR BUT I CAN'T PLACE WHAT.
CAN'T PLACE THIS GREASY SUBSTANCE SMEARED ON IT, EITHER.
T'CHALLA... I'VE SEEN A DOZEN FLICKS WHERE THE LOCAL YOKELS GO OUT FOR THE BLOOD OF THE STRANGE DUDE IN TOWN... NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE PLAYING THAT ROLE.
ONCE WAKANDA DID NOT MIMIC LIFE, ONCE THEY LIVED IT.
IN THAT TIME, I DO NOT THINK THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED.
I KNOW THIS LAND IS IN YOUR BLOOD, T'CHALLA.
BLOOD VESSELS ARE LIKE A RIVER, MONICA. BOTH KEEP ALIVE THAT THROUGH WHICH THEY FLOW.
OH, HEY, THAT'S NIA, T'CHALLA, YOU AN' THAT KUNG FU GUY OUGHTTA GET TOGETHER AND EXCHANGE PROVERBS
I'M SORRY, MONICA.
I KNOW YOUR FEAR.
I'M SORRY, TOO. I REALLY WANTED TO SAY.
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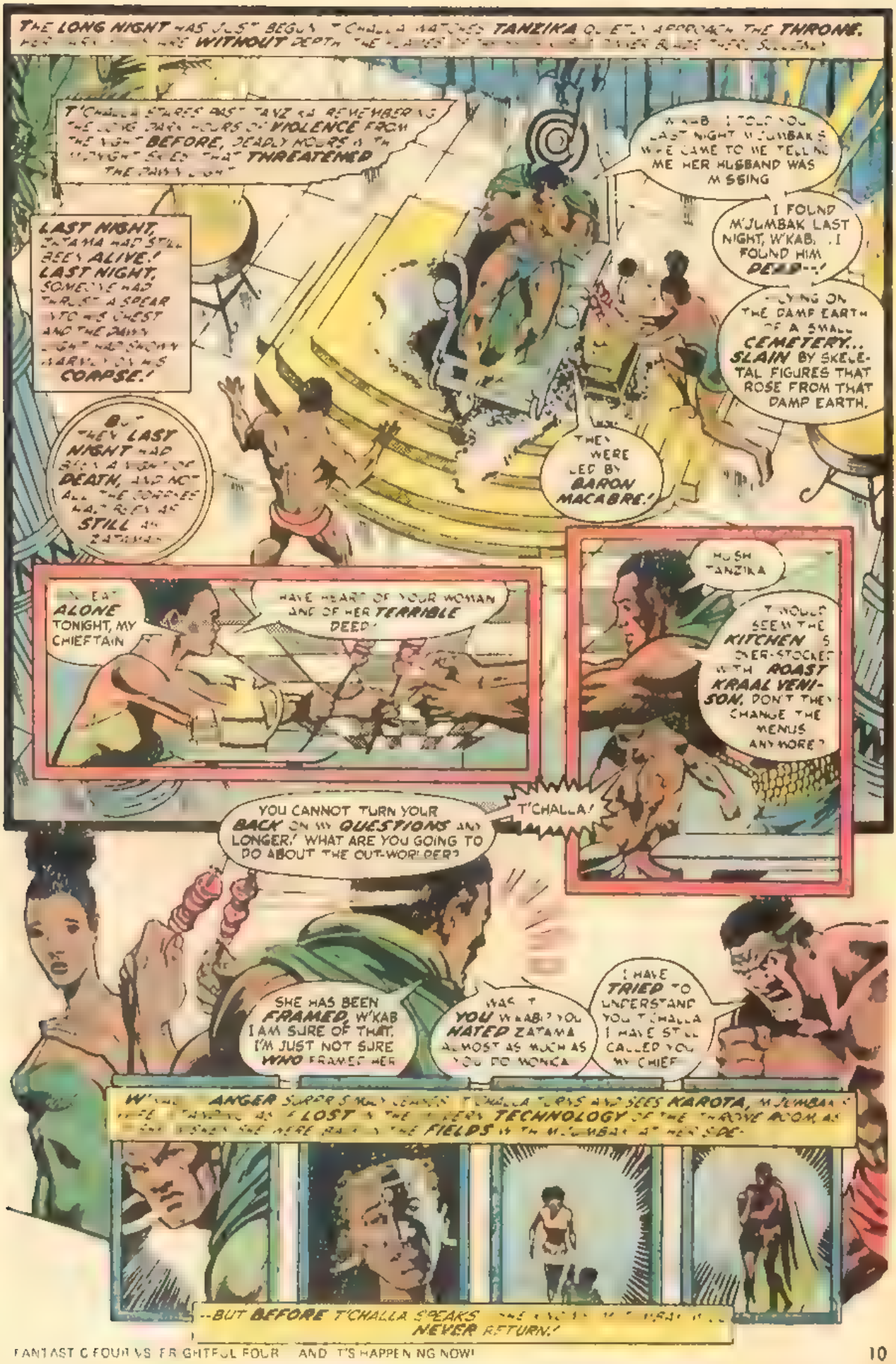
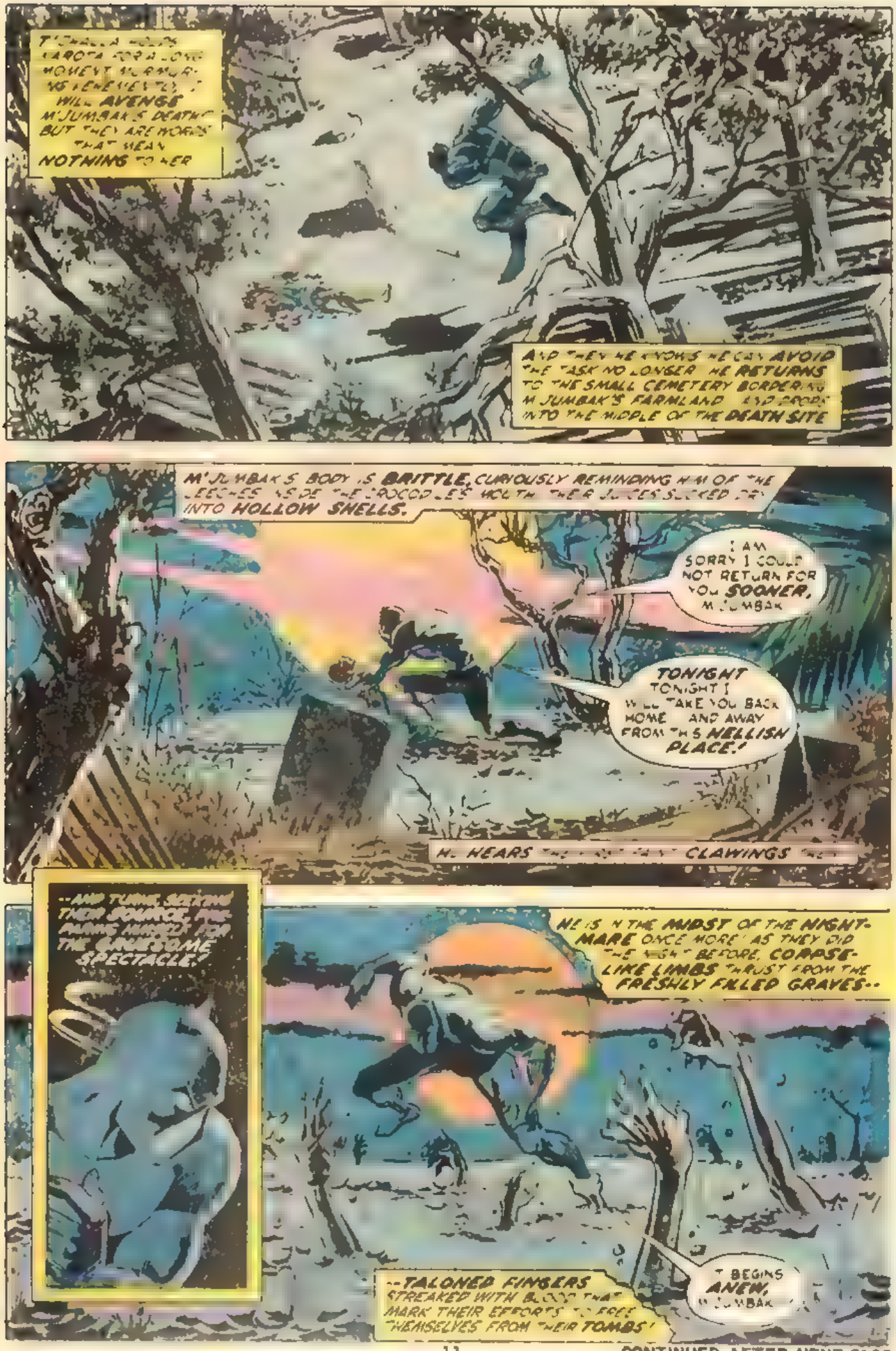
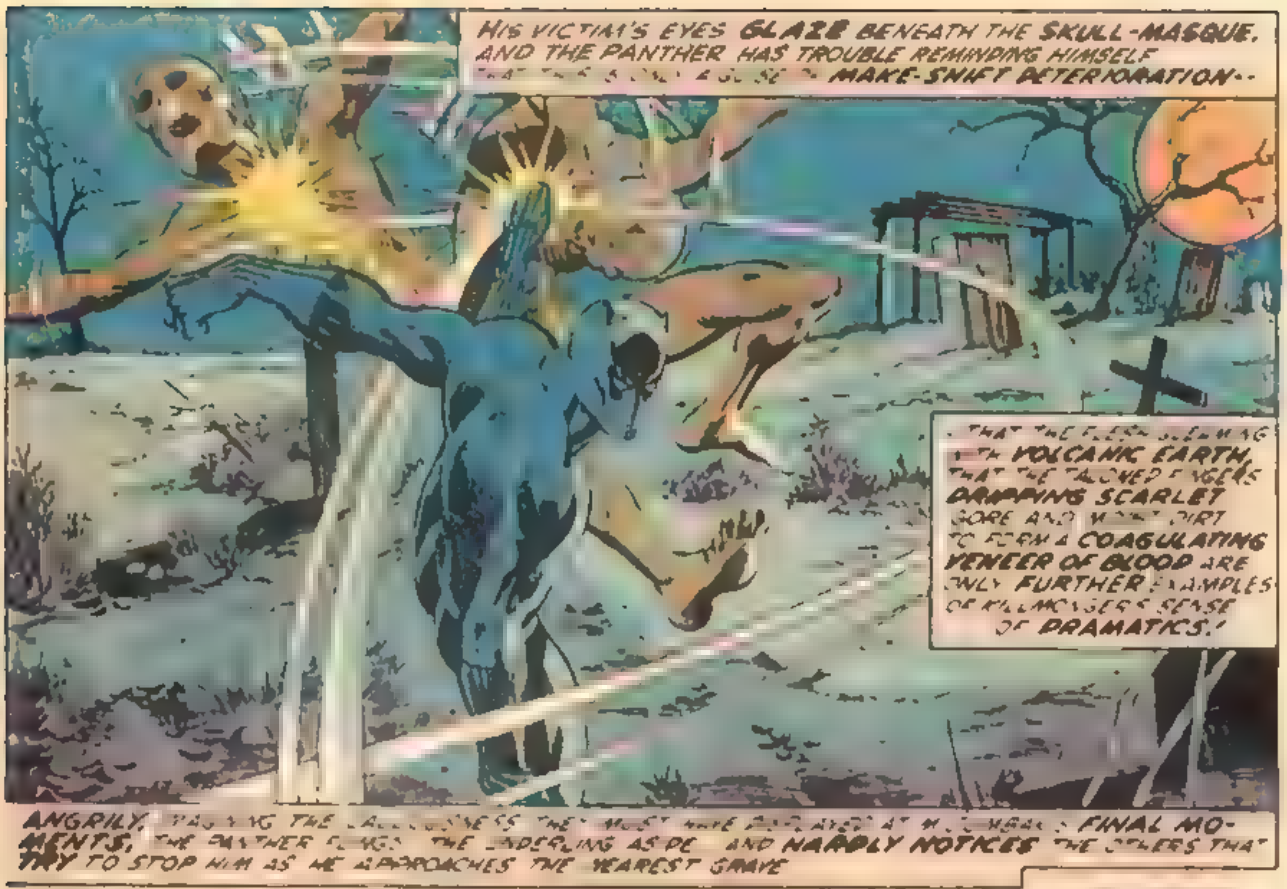
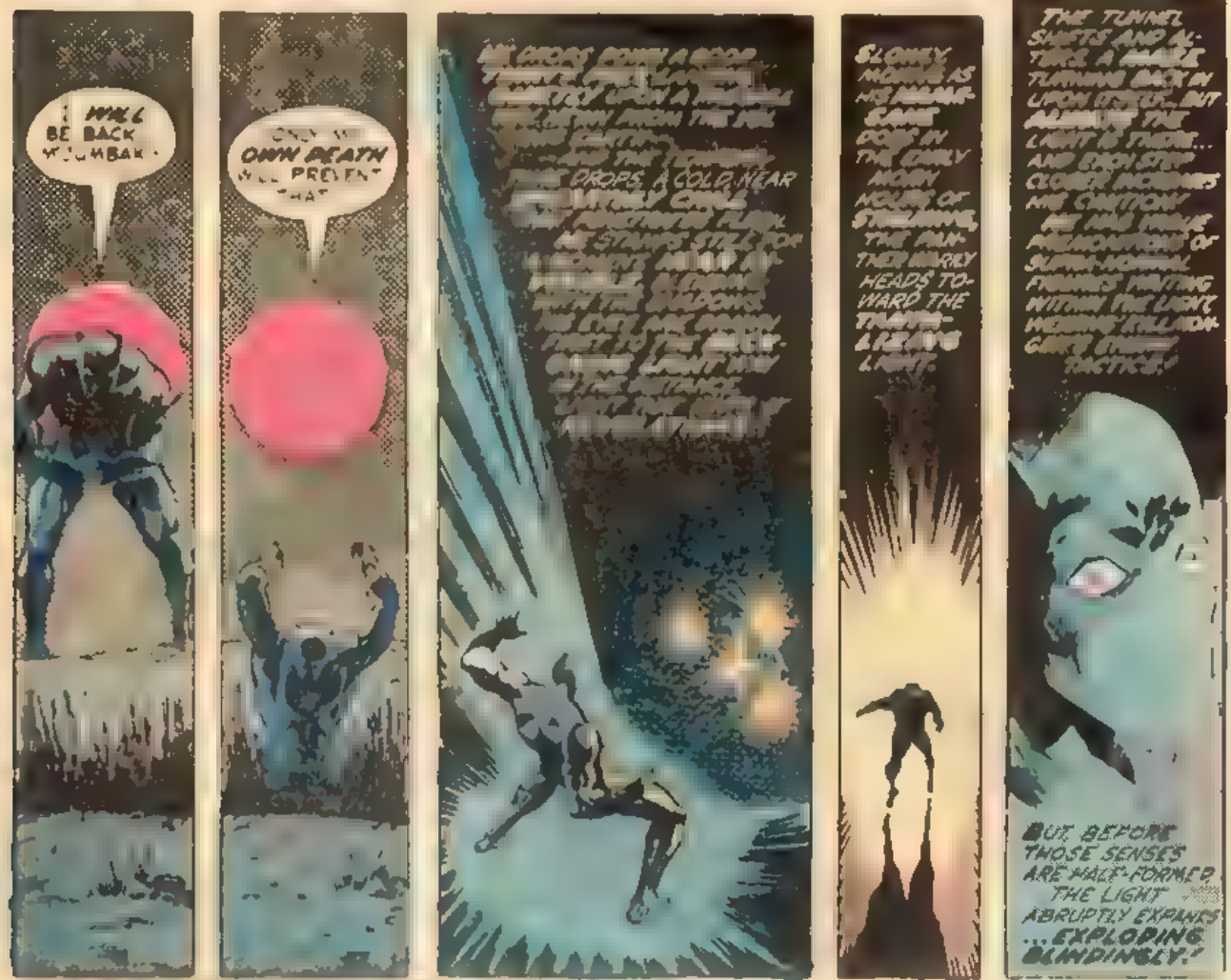

THE LONG NIGHT HAS JUST BEGUN. T'CHALLA WATCHES TANZIKA QUIETLY APPROACH THE THRONE. HER EYES ARE WITHOUT DEPTH.
T'CHALLA STARES PAST TANZ AS REMEMBERING THE LONG DARK HOURS OF VIOLENCE FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE, DEADLY HOURS IN THE MIDNIGHT GLOW THAT THREATENED THE DAWN LIGHT
LAST NIGHT, ZATAMA HAD STILL BEEN ALIVE! LAST NIGHT, SOMEONE HAD THRUST A SPEAR INTO HER CHEST AND THE DAWN LIGHT HAD SHOWN MARVIN'S HIS CORPSE!
W'KAB, I TOLD YOU LAST NIGHT M'JUMBAK'S WIFE CAME TO ME TELLING ME HER HUSBAND WAS MISSING
I FOUND M'JUMBAK LAST NIGHT, W'KAB. I FOUND HIM DEAD--!
LYING ON THE DAMP EARTH OF A SMALL CEMETERY... SLAIN BY SKELETAL FIGURES THAT ROSE FROM THAT DAMP EARTH.
THEY WERE LED BY BARON MACABRE!
BUT THEY LAST NIGHT HAD BEEN A VISION OF DEATH, AND NOT ALL THE CORPSES HAD RISEN AS STILL AS ZATAMA
HUSH TANZIKA
I WOULD SEEM THE KITCHEN IS OVER-STOCKED WITH ROAST KRAAL VENISON. DON'T THEY CHANGE THE MENUS ANYMORE?
HAVE HEART OF YOUR WOMAN AND OF HER TERRIBLE DEED!
EAT ALONE TONIGHT, MY CHIEFTAIN
T'CHALLA!
YOU CANNOT TURN YOUR BACK ON MY QUESTIONS ANY LONGER! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THE OUT-WORLDER?
SHE HAS BEEN FRAMED, W'KAB I AM SURE OF THAT. I'M JUST NOT SURE WHO FRAMED HER
WAS IT YOU W'KAB? YOU HATED ZATAMA ALMOST AS MUCH AS YOU DO WONGA
I HAVE TRIED TO UNDERSTAND YOU T'CHALLA I HAVE STILL CALLED YOU MY CHIEF
W'KAB'S ANGER SUDDENLY SUBSIDES. T'CHALLA TURNS AND SEES KAROTA, M'JUMBAK'S WIFE, LOOKING AS IF LOST IN THE FLOWERS TECHNOLOGY OF THE THRONE ROOM. AS SHE TURNS SHE HEARS SOUNDS IN THE FIELDS BEYOND THE M'JUMBAK AT HER SIDE.
--BUT BEFORE T'CHALLA SPEAKS [illegible] NEVER RETURN!

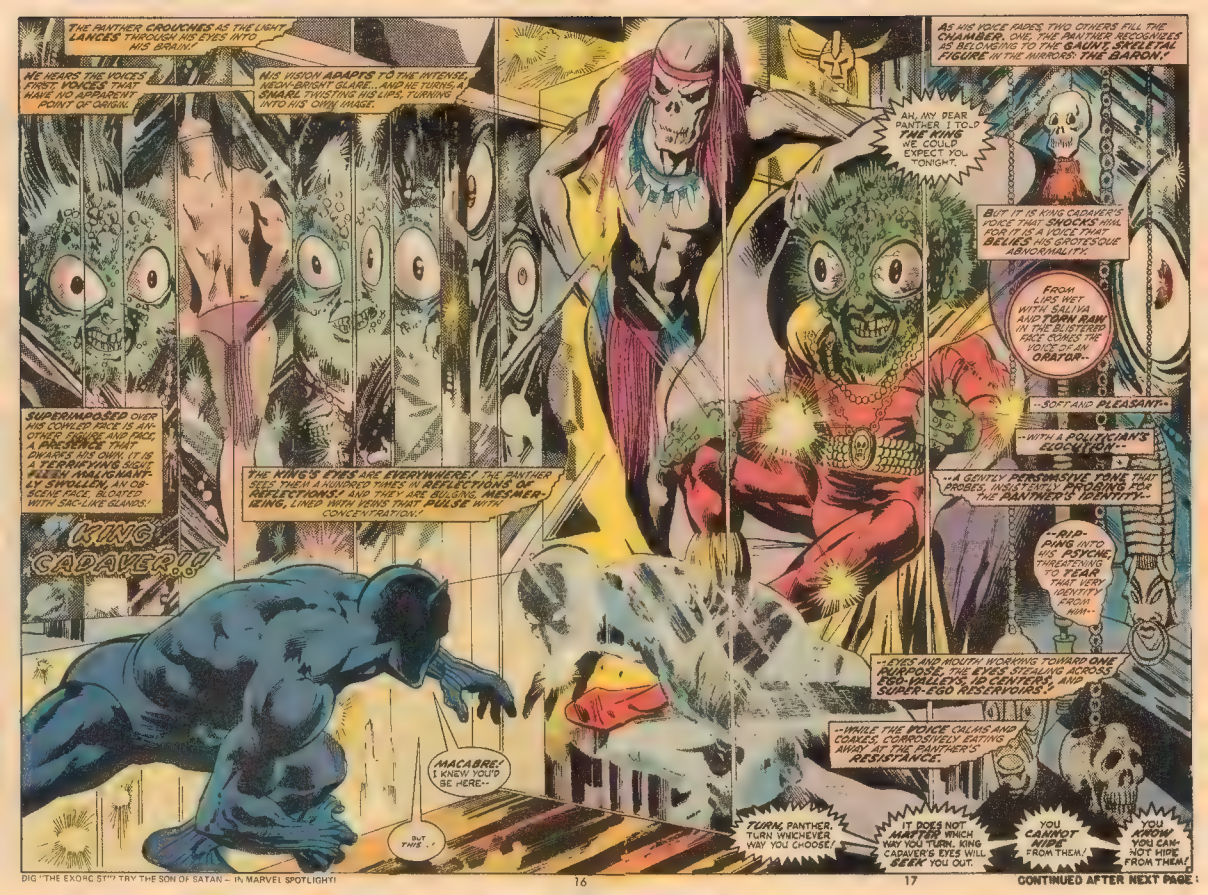

T'CHALLA HOLDS KAROTA FOR A LONG MOMENT MURMURING SOMETHING THAT WILL AVENGE M'JUMBAK'S DEATH. BUT THEY ARE WORDS THAT MEAN NOTHING TO HER
AND THEN HE KNOWS HE CAN AVOID THE TASK NO LONGER. HE RETURNS TO THE SMALL CEMETERY BORDERING M'JUMBAK'S FARMLAND AND BROODS INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE DEATH SITE
M'JUMBAK'S BODY IS BRITTLE, CURIOUSLY REMINDING HIM OF THE LEECHES INSIDE THE CROCODILES' MOUTH THEIR JUICES SUCKED DRY INTO HOLLOW SHELLS.
I AM SORRY I COULD NOT RETURN FOR YOU SOONER, M'JUMBAK
TONIGHT TONIGHT I WILL TAKE YOU BACK HOME AND AWAY FROM THIS HELLISH PLACE!
HE HEARS THE [illegible] CLAWINGS
--AND TURNS, SEEKING THEIR SOURCE, THE ANIMAL WITHIN FOR THE LOATHSOME SPECTACLE!
HE IS IN THE MIDST OF THE NIGHTMARE ONCE MORE AS THEY DID THE NIGHT BEFORE, CORPSE-LIKE LIMBS THRUST FROM THE FRESHLY FILLED GRAVES--
--TALONED FINGERS STREAKED WITH BLOOD THAT MARK THEIR EFFORTS TO FREE THEMSELVES FROM THEIR TOMBS!
IT BEGINS ANEW, M'JUMBAK

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

BUT THIS TIME, I SHALL NOT BE DRIVEN AWAY--!
--NOR THE LEADER BARON MACABRE--!
NOTHING SHALL STOP ME UNTIL I REACH THE UNSEEN FIGURE OF "DEATH INCARNATE"... KING CADAVER!
IT WAS AN UNWISE DECISION TO RETURN. ONE DOES NOT--
AH, THE "DEAD" HAVE VOICES OF THEIR OWN!
THEN, WE SHALL SPEAK AT LENGTH.
AND YOUR SURVIVAL AS WELL MAY DEPEND ON THE DECISIONS YOU MAKE!
HOW LONG DO YOU SUPPOSE A "CORPSE" CAN GO WITHOUT BREATHING?. . SUPPOSE WE TRY AND FIND OUT, HUH?
NOW I'VE GOT A QUESTION: MACABRE! WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE BARON IS
AND I'M REALLY HOPING YOU DON'T ANSWER TOO QUICKLY!
GETTING DIFFICULT TO BREATHE IS IT?
PERHAPS YOU WERE ONLY ONE OF THE ONES WHO WATCHED M'JUMBAK DIE! I'LL BET HIS DEATH MEANT NOTHING TO YOU DID IT?
GUAARGHH!
BUT IT MEANS SOMETHING NOW. IT MEANS YOU ARE VERY CLOSE TO BECOMING A REAL CORPSE--
--AND THOSE PHONY TALONED FINGERTIPS WON'T BUY YOU OUT OF ANY MORE SHROUDS!
BELOW! ANY URK ...ANY OF THE GRAVES!
TO WHERE?
THEY LEAD TO THE DARK REALM!
TO ...KING CADAVER!


HIS VICTIM'S EYES GLAZE BENEATH THE SKULL-MASQUE, AND THE PANTHER HAS TROUBLE REMINDING HIMSELF
MAKE-SHIFT DETERIORATION--
VOLCANIC EARTH,
DRAPPING SCARLET
COAGULATING
VENEER OF BLOOD
FURTHER
DRAMATICS.!
ANGRILY,
FINAL MO-
MENTS,
HARDLY NOTICES
TO STOP HIM AS HE APPROACHES THE NEAREST GRAVE


I WILL BE BACK M'UMBAK.
ONLY MY OWN DEATH WILL PREVENT THAT
SLOWLY MOGARA AS HIS HUMAN EYES ADJUST IN THE EARLY MORNING HOURS OF STRENGTHENING LIGHT, THE MAN-THING PARTLY HEADS TOWARD THE TRAITOR-
THE TUNNEL SHIFTS AND AL-TERS A SHADE, FLOWING BACK IN UPON ITSELF... BUT ALREADY THE LIGHT IS THERE... AND EACH STEP CLOSER ENCOMPASSES MORE CERTAINTY AND LESS MYSTERY AS ANCIENT PRIMITIVE SENSES WAKEN WITHIN THE LIGHT, MEANING AND ILLUSION CEASE THEIR FUNCTIONS.
BUT, BEFORE THOSE SENSES ARE HALF-FORMED, THE LIGHT ABRUPTLY EXPLODES ...EXPLODING BLINDINGLY!


THE PANTHER CROUCHES AS THE LIGHT LANCES THROUGH HIS EYES INTO HIS BRAIN!
HE HEARS THE VOICES FIRST VOICES THAT HAVE NO APPARENT POINT OF ORIGIN.
HIS VISION ADAPTS TO THE INTENSE, NEON-BRIGHT GLARE... AND HE TURNS A SNARL TWISTING HIS LIPS, TURNING INTO HIS OWN IMAGE.
AS HIS VOICE FADES, TWO OTHERS FILL THE CHAMBER. ONE, THE PANTHER RECOGNIZES AS BELONGING TO THE GAUNT, SKELETAL FIGURE IN THE MIRRORS: THE BARON!
AH, MY DEAR PANTHER. I TOLD THE KING WE COULD EXPECT YOU TONIGHT.
BUT IT IS KING CADAVER'S VOICE THAT SHOCKS HIM, FOR IT IS A VOICE THAT BELIES HIS GROTESQUE ABNORMALITY.
FROM LIPS WET WITH SALIVA AND TOMRAN IN THE BLISTERED FACE COMES THE VOICE OF AN ORATOR--
--SOFT AND PLEASANT--
--WITH A POLITICIAN'S ECONOMY--
--A GENTLY PERSUASIVE TONE THAT PROBES, INSIDIOUSLY, PAST TO THE PANTHER'S IDENTITY--
--AND PANG INTO HIS PSYCHE, THREATENING TO TEAR THAT VERY IDENTITY FROM HIM--
SUPERIMPOSED OVER HIS COWLED FACE IS ANOTHER, HUGE, AND FACE, A GROTESQUE MASK! DWARFS HIS OWN. IT IS A TERRIFYING SIGHT! A FLESH-MALACHITE-LY SWOLLEN, AN OBSCENE FACE, BLOATED WITH SAC-LIKE GLANDS!
KING CADAVER!!
THE KING'S EYES ARE EVERYWHERE! THE PANTHER SEES THEM A HUNDRED TIMES IN REFLECTIONS OF REFLECTIONS! AND THEY ARE BULGING, MESMERIZING, LINED WITH VEINS THAT PULSE WITH CONCENTRATION!
--EYES AND MOUTH WORKING TOWARD ONE HORRIBLE END! CRAWLING ACROSS EGO-VALLEYS, ID CENTERS, AND SUPER-EGO RESERVOIRS!
--WHILE THE VOICE CALMS AND SOOTHES, CONSTANTLY EATING AWAY AT THE PANTHER'S RESISTANCE.
MACABRE! I KNEW YOU'D BE HERE--
BUT THIS . .
TURN, PANTHER. TURN WHICHEVER WAY YOU CHOOSE!
IT DOES NOT MATTER WHICH WAY YOU TURN, KING CADAVER'S EYES WILL SEEK YOU OUT.
YOU CANNOT HIDE FROM THEM!
YOU KNOW YOU CANNOT HIDE FROM THEM!

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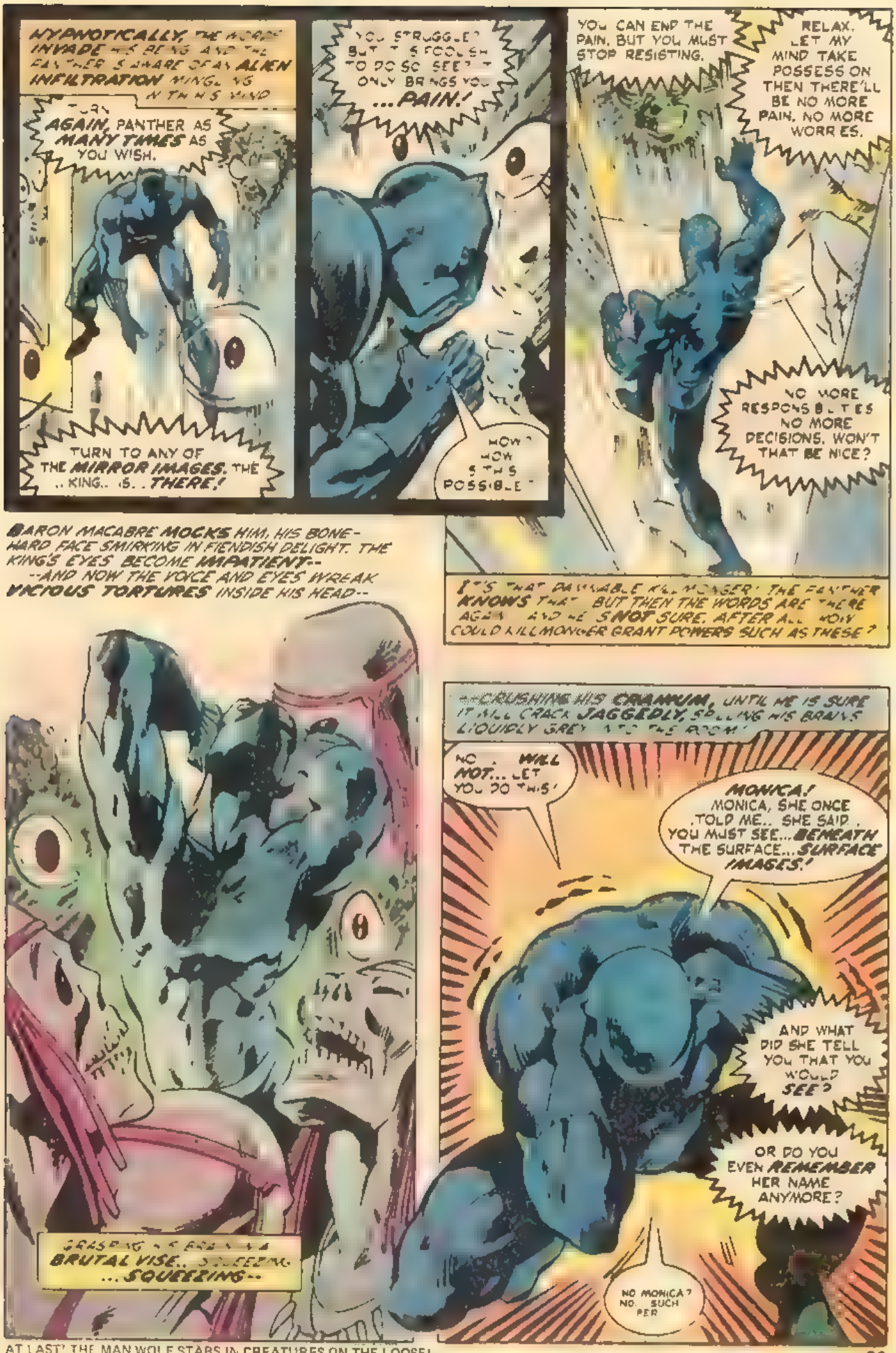
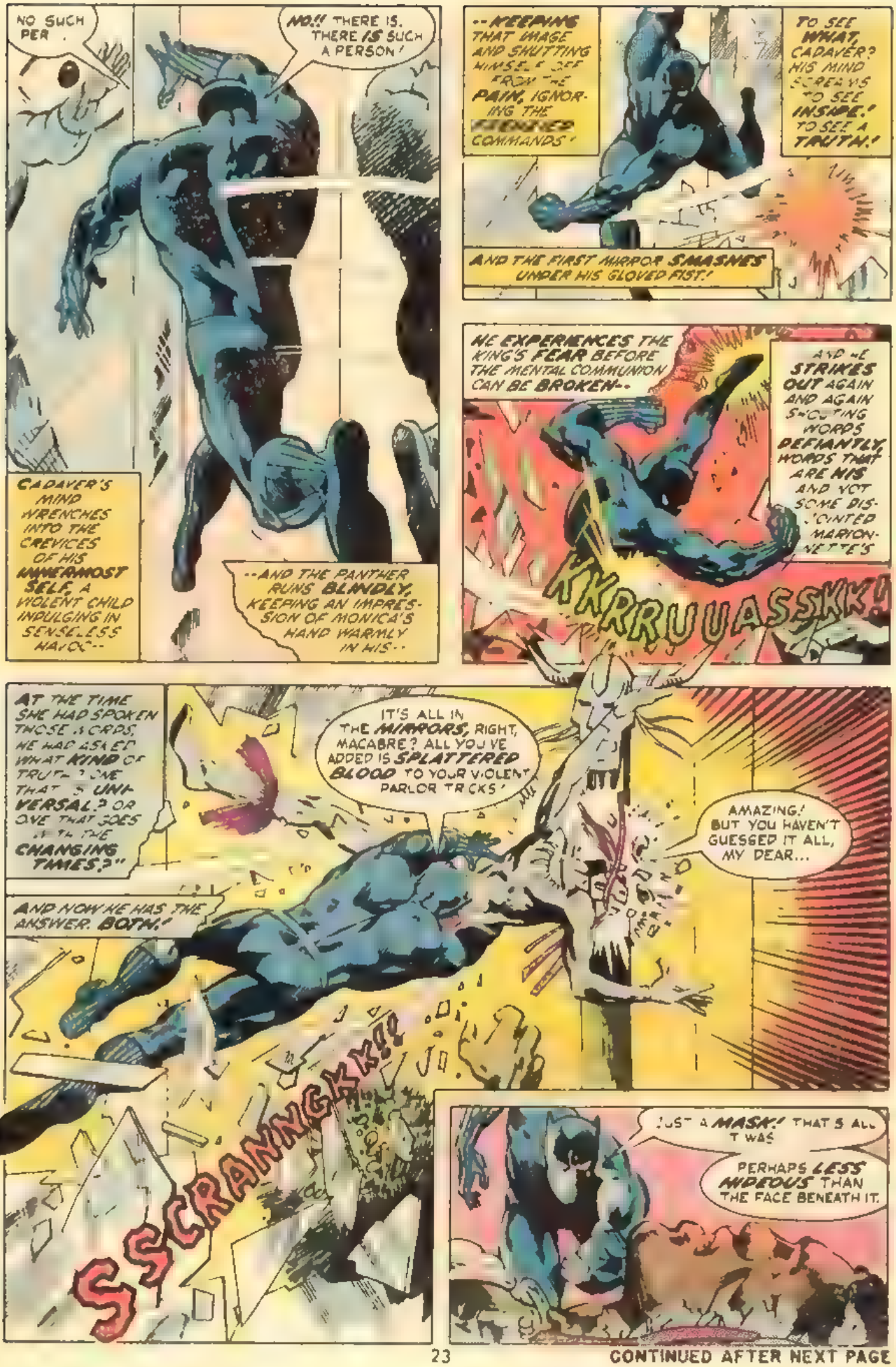

HYPNOTICALLY, THE MORE INVADE HIS BEING AND THE PANTHER'S SHARE OF AN ALIEN INFILTRATION MINGLING IN THIS MIND
AGAIN, PANTHER AS MANY TIMES AS YOU WISH.
TURN TO ANY OF THE MIRROR IMAGES. THE KING... IS... THERE!
YOU STRUGGLE? BUT IT'S FOOLISH TO DO SO. SEE? IT ONLY BRINGS YOU ...PAIN!
HOW? HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?
YOU CAN END THE PAIN, BUT YOU MUST STOP RESISTING.
RELAX. LET MY MIND TAKE POSSESSION. THEN THERE'LL BE NO MORE PAIN, NO MORE WORRIES.
NO MORE RESPONSIBILITIES. NO MORE DECISIONS. WON'T THAT BE NICE?
BARON MACABRE MOCKS HIM, HIS BONE-HARD FACE SMIRKING IN FIENDISH DELIGHT. THE KING'S EYES BECOME IMPATIENT--
--AND NOW THE VOICE AND EYES WREAK VICIOUS TORTURES INSIDE HIS HEAD--
IT'S THAT DAMNABLE KILLMONGER! THE PANTHER KNOWS THAT. BUT THEN THE WORDS ARE THERE AGAIN. AND HE'S NOT SURE. AFTER ALL, HOW COULD KILLMONGER GRANT POWERS SUCH AS THESE?
GRASPING HIS CRANIUM, UNTIL HE IS SURE IT WILL CRACK JAGGEDLY, SPILLING HIS BRAINS LIQUIDLY GREY INTO THE ROOM!
NO. I WILL NOT... LET YOU DO THIS!
MONICA! MONICA, SHE ONCE TOLD ME... SHE SAID, YOU MUST SEE... BENEATH THE SURFACE... SURFACE IMAGES!
AND WHAT DID SHE TELL YOU THAT YOU WOULD SEE?
OR DO YOU EVEN REMEMBER HER NAME ANYMORE?
NO MONICA? NO... SUCH PER
GRASPING HIS HEAD IN A BRUTAL VISE... SQUEEZING... ...SQUEEZING--

AT LAST! THE MAN-WOLF STARS IN CREATURES ON THE LOOSE!


NO SUCH PER-
NO!! THERE IS. THERE IS SUCH A PERSON!
CADAVER'S MIND WRENCHES INTO THE CREVICES OF HIS INNERMOST SELF, A WOLENT CHILD INDULGING IN SENSELESS HAVOC--
--AND THE PANTHER RUNS BLINDLY, KEEPING AN IMPRESSION OF MONICA'S HAND WARMLY IN HIS--
--KEEPING THAT IMAGE AND SHUTTING HIMSELF OFF FROM THE PAIN, IGNORING THE [illegible] COMMANDS!
TO SEE WHAT, CADAVER? HIS MIND SCREAMS TO SEE INSIDE.' TO SEE A TRUTH.'
AND THE FIRST MIRROR SMASHES UNDER HIS GLOVED FIST!
HE EXPERIENCES THE KING'S FEAR BEFORE THE MENTAL COMMUNION CAN BE BROKEN--
AND HE STRIKES OUT AGAIN AND AGAIN SHOUTING WORDS DEFIANTLY, WORDS THAT ARE HIS AND YET SOME DISJOINTED MARIONETTE'S
KKRRUUASSKK!
AT THE TIME SHE HAD SPOKEN THOSE WORDS, HE HAD ASKED WHAT KIND OF TRUTH? ONE THAT IS UNIVERSAL? OR ONE THAT GOES WITH THE CHANGING TIMES?"
IT'S ALL IN THE MIRRORS, RIGHT, MACABRE? ALL YOU'VE ADDED IS SPLATTERED BLOOD TO YOUR VIOLENT PARLOR TRICKS!
AMAZING! BUT YOU HAVEN'T GUESSED IT ALL, MY DEAR...
AND NOW HE HAS THE ANSWER. BOTH!
SSCRANGKK!!
JUST A MASK!' THAT'S ALL IT WAS
PERHAPS LESS HIDEOUS THAN THE FACE BENEATH IT.

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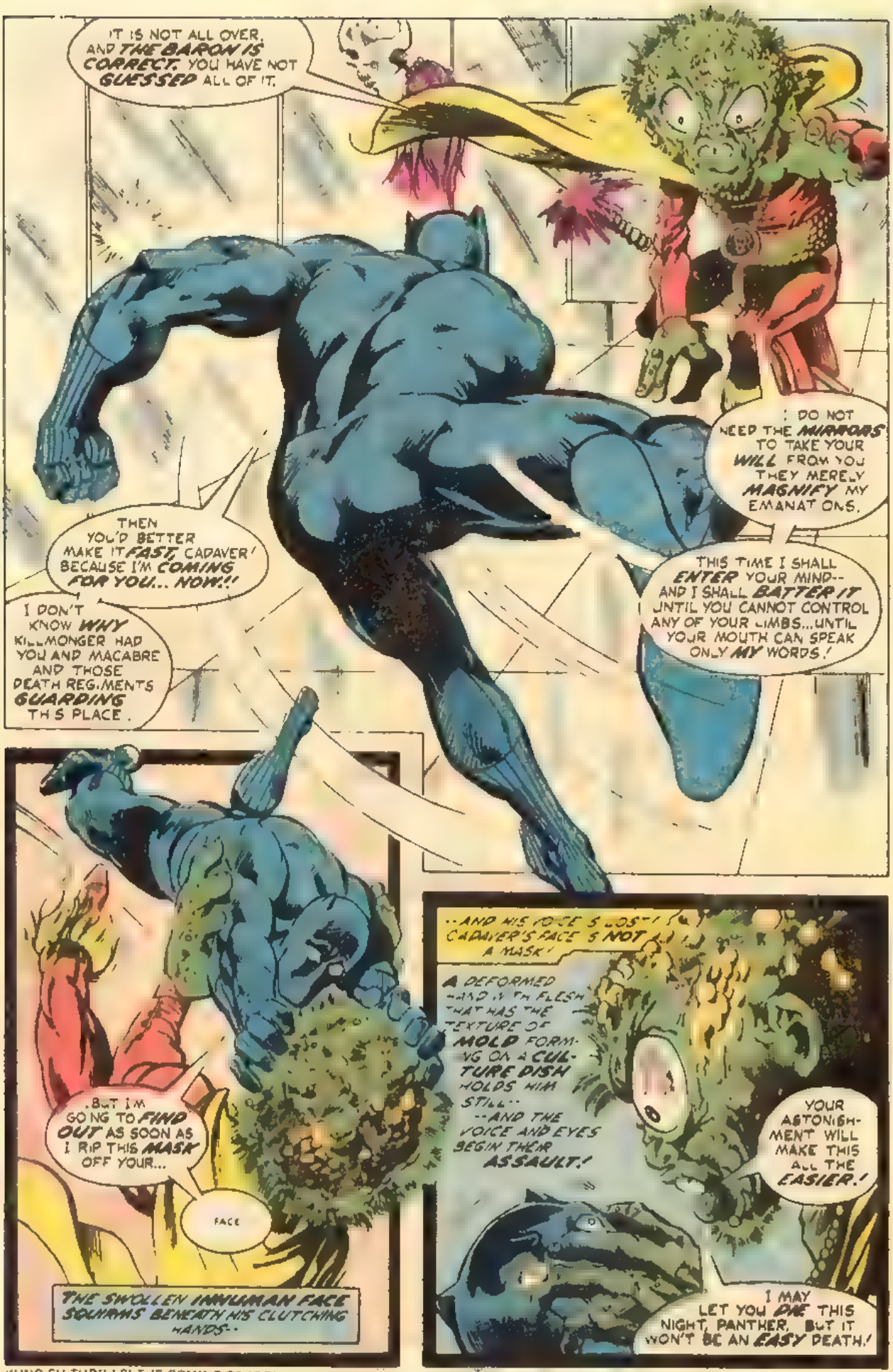
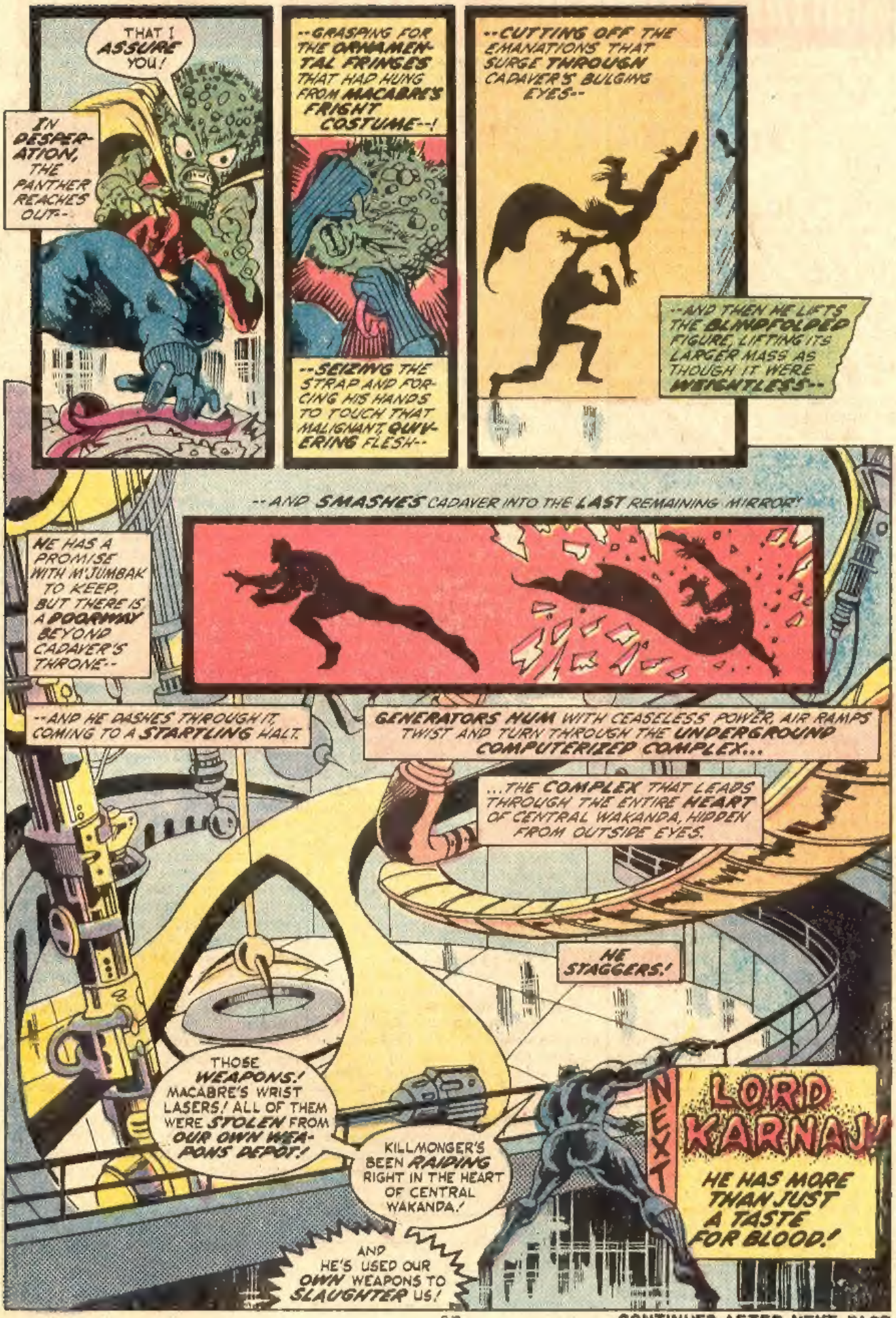

IT IS NOT ALL OVER, AND THE BARON IS CORRECT. YOU HAVE NOT GUESSED ALL OF IT.
I DO NOT NEED THE MIRRORS TO TAKE YOUR WILL FROM YOU THEY MERELY MAGNIFY MY EMANATIONS.
THEN YOU'D BETTER MAKE IT FAST, CADAVER! BECAUSE I'M COMING FOR YOU... NOW!!
THIS TIME I SHALL ENTER YOUR MIND-- AND I SHALL BATTER IT UNTIL YOU CANNOT CONTROL ANY OF YOUR LIMBS...UNTIL YOUR MOUTH CAN SPEAK ONLY MY WORDS!
I DON'T KNOW WHY KILLMONGER HAD YOU AND MACABRE AND THOSE DEATH REGIMENTS GUARDING THIS PLACE.
..BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT AS SOON AS I RIP THIS MASK OFF YOUR...
FACE
THE SWOLLEN INHUMAN FACE SQUIRMS BENEATH HIS CLUTCHING HANDS--
..AND HIS FORCE IS LOST! CADAVER'S FACE IS NOT A MASK!
A DEFORMED HAND IN THE FLESH THAT HAS THE TEXTURE OF MOLD FORMING ON A CULTURE DISH HOLDS HIM STILL--
--AND THE VOICE AND EYES BEGIN THEIR ASSAULT!
YOUR ASTONISHMENT WILL MAKE THIS ALL THE EASIER!
I MAY LET YOU DIE THIS NIGHT, PANTHER, BUT IT WON'T BE AN EASY DEATH!


THAT I ASSURE YOU!
IN DESPERATION, THE PANTHER REACHES OUT--
--GRASPING FOR THE ORNAMENTAL FRINGES THAT HAD HUNG FROM MACABRE'S FRIGHT COSTUME--!
--SEIZING THE STRAP AND FORCING HIS HANDS TO TOUCH THAT MALIGNANT, QUIVERING FLESH--
--CUTTING OFF THE EMANATIONS THAT SURGE THROUGH CADAVER'S BULGING EYES--
--AND THEN HE LIFTS THE BLINDFOLDED FIGURE, LIFTING ITS LARGER MASS AS THOUGH IT WERE WEIGHTLESS--
--AND SMASHES CADAVER INTO THE LAST REMAINING MIRROR!
HE HAS A PROMISE WITH M'JUMBAK TO KEEP, BUT THERE IS A DOORWAY BEYOND CADAVER'S THRONE--
--AND HE DASHES THROUGH IT, COMING TO A STARTLING HALT.
GENERATORS HUM WITH CEASELESS POWER, AIR RAMPS TWIST AND TURN THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND COMPUTERIZED COMPLEX...
...THE COMPLEX THAT LEADS THROUGH THE ENTIRE HEART OF CENTRAL WAKANDA, HIDDEN FROM OUTSIDE EYES.
HE STAGGERS!
THOSE WEAPONS! MACABRE'S WRIST LASERS! ALL OF THEM WERE STOLEN FROM OUR OWN WEAPONS DEPOT!
KILLMONGER'S BEEN RAIDING RIGHT IN THE HEART OF CENTRAL WAKANDA!
AND HE'S USED OUR OWN WEAPONS TO SLAUGHTER US!
NEXT
LORD KARNAJ
HE HAS MORE THAN JUST A TASTE FOR BLOOD!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

HERE IT IS, PEOPLE! JACK KIRBY'S ORIGINAL COSTUME FOR THE BLACK PANTHER! ONLY WOULDJA BELIEVE THAT BACK IN THOSE HALCYON DAYS STAN AND JACK WERE CALLING HIM THE COAL TIGER!
BLACK PANTHER
Artistry
YOU'VE NO DOUBT NOTICED A FEW SLIGHT CHANGES IN T'CHALLA'S ATTIRE AND NAME WHICH GIVES YOU JUST A VAGUE IDEA WHAT KIND OF VISUAL PREPARATIONS AND CHARACTER ATTITUDES ARE CONSIDERED BEFORE ONE OF OUR SCINTILLATING HEROES BURST FULL BLOWN INTO COMIC BOOK REALITY.
SO HERE IT IS, MARVELITES! FEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS RARE COLLECTOR'S ITEM PRESENTED FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER!
KINDA GETS TO YOU, DOESN'T IT?

OKAY, PANTHERITES! FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO MISSED THE PANTHER'S FIRST FOUR OPENING EPICS, WE PRESENT T'CHALLA'S SUPREME FOE, ERIK KILLMONGER. GRANTED OUR BELLIGERENT REBEL HASN'T BEEN VISUALLY PRESENT SINCE J.A. #7, BUT HIS OMINOUS PRESENCE SHROUDS ALL OF WAKANDA AND IS THE GUIDING HAND BEHIND MOST OF THE DANGERS OUR JUNGLE KING HAS FACED!

THIS IS THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT DON AND RICH WORKED OUT LONG BEFORE THE PANTHER'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN ***JUNGLE ACTION.*** OUR TWO CREATIVE STALWARTS SOUGHT TO MAKE THE PANTHER'S MAJOR ANTAGONISTS AS GRAPHICALLY STIMULATING AS POSSIBLE, AND THEN THEY SUBMITTED THEM TO OUR RASCALLY EDITOR, ROY, FOR APPROVAL.

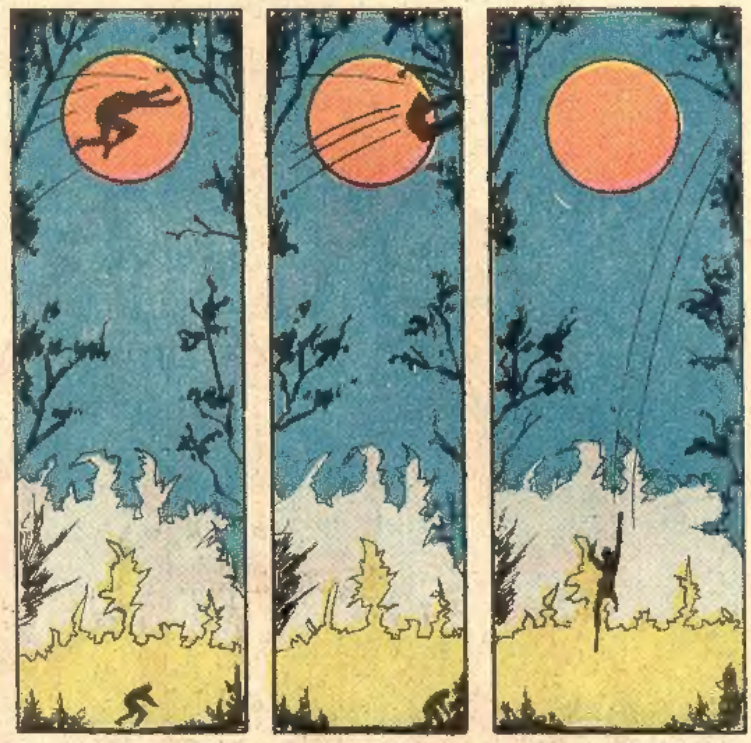
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT KILLMONGER, MARVELITES, 'CAUSE UNLESS THESE ARE FAMOUS LAST WORDS, HE'LL BE BACK JUST WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT! AND HE'LL RIP THESE PAGES ***WIDE OPEN!***

BUCKLER + JANSON

ERIK KILLMONGER!

VERY FEW PEOPLE CALL HIM ERIK!

NEXT ISSUE IN JUNGLE ACTION



You've seen the Panther battling the minions of Killmonger through-out the exotic locales of Wakanda, but next issue he hits Killmonger right where he lives, Pantherites, carrying the battle to Killmonger's home turf where he meets...LORD KARNAJ!

And as if that isn't enough, MALICE, KING CADAVER, TAYETE & KAZIBE return in an all out combat ish that's unlike anything your awe-struck eyes have ever witnessed. But do we stop there? Of course not.

For all you eye-glass super sleuths will finally learn the identity of ZATAMA'S MURDERER! And exactly how Monica Lynne's prints got on that murder weapon, as we play "Banacek" for a special two-page back up feature, that shows you where you blew it or where you matched wits and out-guessed our nefarious creators.

JUNGLE ACTION #12: FACE IT! THIS ONE YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS!